THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ Literary men work too much in these days, and in that way they really accomplish less than would follow from a better division of their time between industry and idleness. It is common to attribute all kinds of evil to idleness, but work is to idleness what David was to Saul. If idleness has caused the deaths of thousands, work has caused the deaths of tens of thousands. They say that the world is governed too much, and probably it is; but we are certain that it is overworked.

☞ A country editor, living on the line of a railroad, sent to the superintendent for a pass for himself, and added, "Please embrace my wife." The superintendent returned a pass to the editor, but declined the proposed honor.

☞ The hardest crack that the rebel currency has yet received is that found in the petition of a beggar—a solitary specimen—who was going about the streets of Richmond last week. The petition set forth that the man's house had been burnt about two months ago; that he was in great distress, needed aid, and was willing to take "food, or clothing, or even money."

☞ Charles Lamb was one day invited to dinner to meet some people who were strangers to him. "Oh, don't ask M—— and N——," the kindly wit would say to his entertainer, "I hate them." "Hate them! why you never saw them in your life." "Well, of course," responded Lamb; "you don't think that I hate anybody I have seen, do you?"

☞ Paying in the Same Coin.—"Tell your mistress I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to the domestic of a lodging-house. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as *rent*."

IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Far away, far away in that sun-bright clime,
Where angelic hosts in glory shine
In rich array,
Is one whose hand in my own I've pressed,
And leaned with love on his faithful breast,
Ere that noble form had sought the blest
In realms of day.

How oft, when gloomy clouds arise,
O'ershadowing the bright cerulean skies,
In this world of ours,
Does the heart in sorrow bow with care,
And long with a yearning wish to be there,
In that happy and beautiful region, where
E'er bloom the flowers.

Ah, restless heart! thy 'plainings still,
Learn to obey the Father's will;
Remember this,
No happy lot is our portion here,
For each joyous smile we give a tear,
'Tis but through trials deep, severe,
We come to bliss.

Wait, watch and pray, and bear the cross,—
No hour thus spent will be a loss;
In hope abide;
When we've gone down the steeps of space,
And run life's swift and hurried race,
We'll meet the loved ones face to face
Beyond the tide.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyate," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Oswald Cray wished them good-night, and walked leisurely home. He really had some work to do; but he could have remained longer with them, only that he thought they might prefer to be alone on this the first evening of the sister's arrival. They had been apart for so many years.

Oswald let himself in with his latch-key. It must be supposed that Mrs. Benn heard him; for she came running up the kitchen stairs, and held out something to him under the light of the hall lamp. It appeared to be a piece of narrow black ribbon, about a third of a yard in length.

"When I had got the tea-tray down in the kitchen, sir, I found this a-hanging to it. I suppose the young lady that was with you up-stairs left it here."

There was little doubt that Jane had left it. A wrist-ribbon, probably, inadvertently untied in pulling off her glove. Oswald looked at the woman—at her crusty face, where the curiosity induced by the visit was not yet subdued. A curiosity he judged it well to satisfy.

"Did you know who that lady was, Mrs. Benn?"

"No, sir."

"It was poor Mr. Allister's sister. She has come all the way from Scotland to nurse him."

The crustiness disappeared, and the face lighted up with a better feeling. Mr. Allister had been a favorite of Mrs. Benn's, and if she could be sorry for anybody's illness she was sorry for his.

"Mr. Allister's sister! If I had but known it, sir! What a pleasant-speaking young lady she is."

Following his wife, but more slowly, up the kitchen stairs, had come Benn. He waited until this colloquy was over, and then began to speak on his own account.

"A gentleman is waiting for you in your sitting-room, sir."

"Who is it?" asked Oswald.

"I think he's a stranger, sir. I don't remember having seen him before."

Oswald proceeded up-stairs. Standing at the side of the room, facing the door as he opened it, his gloves on and his hat in his hand, was Neal. And so much like a gentleman did he really look, that Mr. Joseph Benn's mistake was a perfectly natural one.

"I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you, sir, and of asking to wait until you returned, to inquire whether I can convey anything for you to Hallingham. You had hardly left me, sir, in the street, when I remembered, how very remiss it was in me not to ask you. Unless I have a letter from the doctor to-morrow morning, according me a day or two's more grace, which I have written for, I shall leave to-morrow evening. If I can do anything there for you, sir, or be of use to you in any way, you may command me."

"Thank you, Neal; there's nothing I want done. I expect to go down myself next week. Come to the fire and warm yourself this cold night. Sit down."

Neal came forward nearer the fire; but he did not avail himself of the invitation to sit. Oswald inquired if he would like some refreshment, but he declined.

"Have they heard from Captain Davenal yet, do you know?" Oswald asked.

"I think not, sir. I believe they were expecting letters from Malta when I left."

"I wish he could have gone down for a short while. I am sure the doctor felt it."

"There's no doubt he did, sir, very much," returned Neal, with warm sympathy in his low, respectful tone. "I grieve to say, sir, that the doctor appears to be very much changed. He is more like one suffering from some inward painful illness than anything else."

"Of body or of mind?" involuntarily asked Oswald, speaking on the moment's impulse. And however he may have regretted the question, he could not recall it.

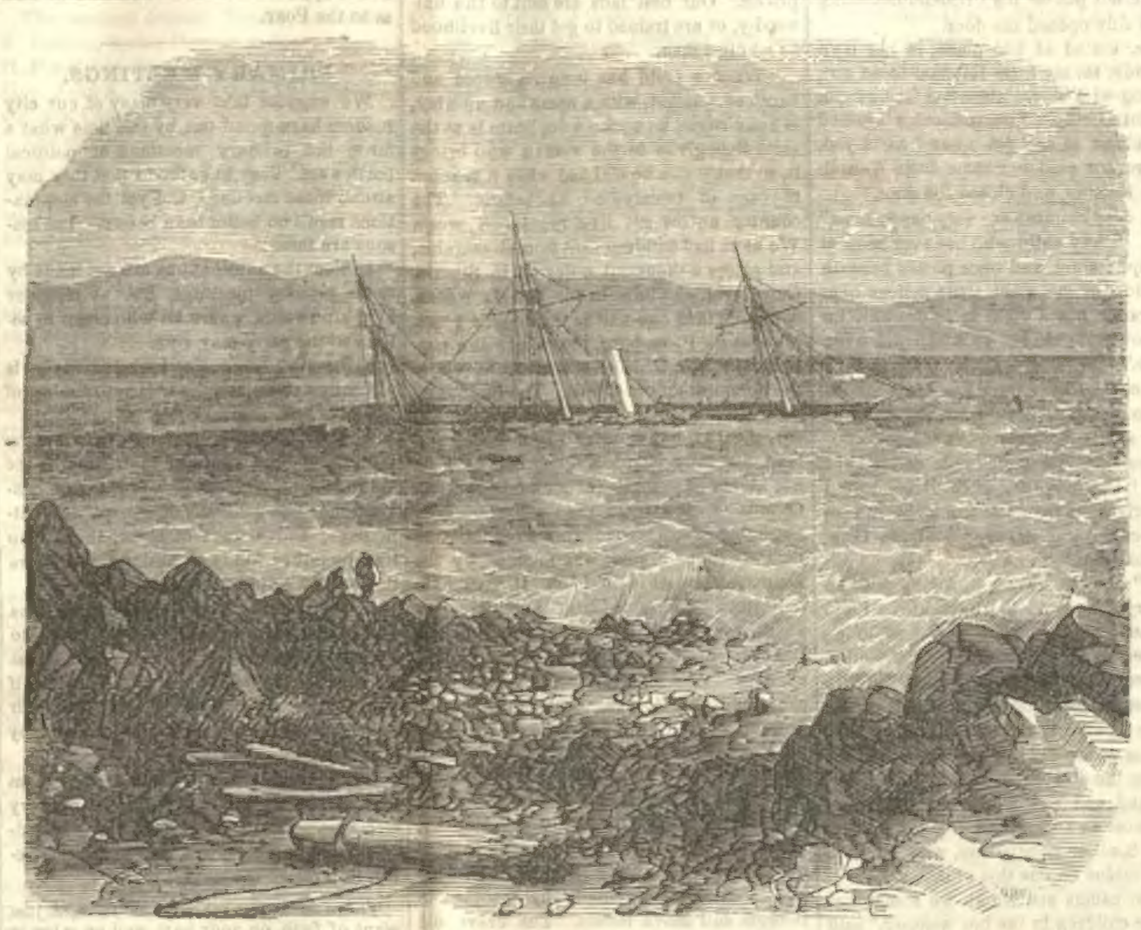
"I should say of mind, sir. Since the night of—of Lady Oswald's death, he has been a changed man."

Mr. Oswald Cray made no answer whatever to the allusion; he evidently declined to enter upon that unsatisfactory topic. Neal resumed.

"There are going to be changes in our house, sir; it is to be conducted with more regard to economy. Watton is to leave, and I am not sure but that I am also. Miss Davenal does not wish any changes to be made, but the doctor says it is necessary."

"On the score of economy?"

"Yes, sir, on the score of economy. I heard him talking of it to Miss Sara; he said if the present rate of expense was to go on, together with the heavy sum that must now go from him yearly as hush-money, he should not keep his head above water. Miss Davenal, who does not understand why any retrenchment should be made, opposes it entirely."



THE WRECK OF THE BOHEMIAN, ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

The above sketch was made by Mr. Bateman Smith, one of the cabin passengers who escaped from the wreck of the Bohemian. It represents that vessel upon the rocks near Portland Harbor, on the coast of Maine, where she got aground on the 22nd of February. The steamer, carrying nineteen cabin passengers and 199 steerage, besides the mails and cargo, with a crew of about 100 men, left Liverpool on the 4th of February, and had been some days overdue at Portland when she met with this disaster. She was just rounding Cape Elizabeth, to enter the harbor from Casco Bay, when she struck upon a ledge called St. Alden's Rock, about three miles from land. It was about eight o'clock in the evening; the night was foggy, and the speed of the vessel was not more than two or two miles and a half an hour. It appears that the master, Captain Borland, had misjudged the distance of the light visible on Cape Elizabeth. The vessel having struck and passed over the rocks, found a large hole in her bottom, and began to fill rapidly. She was then turned towards the shore, with the intention of beaching her; but, when she got very near the land, her engine fires were put out, and she sunk in four fathoms of water, in an almost upright position, as shown in the engraving. This was about an hour and a quarter after she struck. The weather was mild and calm, and there was no sea but the usual ground-swell. The deck, after the ship had settled down, was a foot or two above water at low tide, and not more than an eighth of a mile from the shore. Most of the passengers, however, had already left the ship, the first boat taking eighty of them in one trip and seventy in the next trip all safe to land. The second boat was, unfortunately, swamped, and nineteen or twenty lives were thus lost, all Irish steerage passengers, including five or six women and one or two children. The other boats, with the remainder of the passengers, had no difficulty in getting to shore. Captain Borland, with some of the officers and crew, remained on board until next day, and managed to save the mails. By the verdict of the Coroner's jury, at the inquest held upon those drowned, it is declared that, "after the vessel struck, her officers and men worked with energy and good judgment, rarely equaled and never surpassed, to avoid the loss of life." The citizens of Portland, and especially those dwelling near Cape Elizabeth, are much commended for their humane efforts to relieve and provide for the destitute passengers and to help them to their destinations.

Every fibre in Oswald Cray's heart resented the words—he could not *hear* that such should be spoken out boldly to him, no matter what their truth might be. Neal's innocent eyes noted the sudden flush upon his face.

"I think you must be mistaken, Neal. Hush-money! Dr. Davenal would scarcely use the term to his daughter."

"Not that precise term, perhaps, sir, but certainly something equivalent to it. There is a rumor in the town, sir, that he intends to resign to the relatives the legacy left to him by my lady, or part of it."

"Indeed!"

"People have talked a great deal, I fancy, sir, and it has reached the doctor's ears. Perhaps, sir, if I may venture to say it to you, he may be *afraid* to keep it. The injustice of the bequest might lead to some investigation which—which would be inconvenient to Dr. Davenal."

"Neal, I'd rather not enter upon these topics," said Oswald, in a clear, resolute tone. "Things which appear dubious to us may be explainable by Dr. Davenal. At any rate, it is neither your business nor mine to question them."

And by those firm words Neal knew that Mr. Oswald Cray had, so to say, washed his hands of the affair, and did not mean to take it up in any way. Neal's hopes had tended to the contrary, and it was a little check-mate.

"I thought I would presume to ask you, sir, whether you might not be soon requiring a personal attendant," he resumed, sliding easily out of his disappointment, and giving no token of it. "Should I be leaving the doctor, it would afford me greater pleasure to serve you, sir, than any one else, now my late lady's gone."

Oswald laughed—he could not help it.

"A valet for me, Neal? No, that would never do under present circumstances. You will be at no fault for a good place, rely upon it, should you leave Dr. Davenal. The good places will be only too glad to contend for you."

Neal did not dispute the assertion. What his precise motive may have been for wishing to serve Mr. Oswald Cray, when he could no doubt dispose of himself so much more advantageously, was best known to himself. He made his adieu in his usual quiet and respectful fashion, and took his departure, leaving Oswald Cray to the reminiscences of the interview. He sat over the fire as oblivious of the work he had to do, as he had been of the dinner-things earlier in the evening. Will it be believed that the hint dropped by Neal—that Dr. Davenal might be giving up the money because he dared not risk the danger of any investigation—was grating unpleasantly on the brain of Oswald? To do Neal justice so far, he himself fully believed that such was the motive of Dr. Davenal, and he had spoken for once with an earnest truthfulness that is never without its weight.

It was unfortunate that this aspect of the affair should have been the first given to Oswald Cray. Had he simply heard that Dr. Davenal was declining the bequest in his generous consideration for the Stephensons, it might perhaps have shaken his doubts on that other dark story, since the only motive the doctor could possibly have had throughout (as Oswald's mind had argued,) was the acquirement of the money. But if he was declining the money through fear, it only served to make these doubts the greater. It was most unfortunate, I say, that this aspect of the affair should have been imparted to him; for we all know how little, how very little, will serve to strengthen suspicions once aroused.

He sat on with his unhappy thoughts far into the night, the image of Sara Davenal ever before him. Never had his love for her been more ardently tender, never had the cruelty of their obligatory separation been so keenly present to his soul.

PART XXIV.

THE LAST MEETING.

December came in with a drizzling rain, and it lasted a day or two. A cold, bleak, windy rain, rendering out-door life miserable. As Sara Davenal sat at her chamber window, looking into the street, the shivering and uncomfortable appearance presented by the few passers-by might have excited her compassion.

But it did not. Truth to say, Sara Davenal had too much need of compassion herself just now, to waste it upon street passengers. The greatest blight that can possibly fall upon the inward life of a woman, had fallen upon hers. Oswald Cray was faithless. She knew not how, she knew not why; she only judged by his conduct that it must be so. He had been two or three times to Hallingham, and had shunned her; had shunned them altogether. There could be no better proof. One of the visits he had remained three days; therefore he had not want of time to plead as his excuse. He had called at the door, inquired for Miss Davenal, and upon Neal's answering that Miss Davenal was out, he had handed in a card. For Sara he had not asked at all, and he had not been near the house since.

Sara could do nothing. She could only accept this change in him and bear it in silence. Had she been asked on whose truth and honor she could best rely, she had answered on Oswald Cray's. Not because she loved him, not because it was to her his allegiance was certainly due, but because she believed him to be of all others the very soul of chivalrous integrity. But that he had changed to her there could not be a shadow of doubt: his conduct proved it. He had silently broken off all relations with her, and given no token of what his motive could be.

That some cause, just or unjust, had led to it, she yet did him the justice to believe: he was the last man so to act from caprice, or from a totally unworthy motive. And she knew he had loved her. In vain she asked herself what this cause could be; but there were moments when a doubt of whether the terrible secret, which had been imparted that past night to Dr. Davenal, could have become known to Oswald Cray. If so—why, then, in his high honor, his sensitive pride, he had perhaps decided that she was no fit wife for him. And Sara could not say that he had so decided unjustifiably. Whatever the cause, they were separated.

They were separated. And the sunshine of her life was over. Oh, the bitter anguish that it cost! There is no pain, no anguish, that this world and its many troubles can bring, like unto it—the finding one false upon whom love, in all the freshness of its first feeling, has been lavished. The bright green of life's sweet spring time is gone; the rich blue has faded from the wintry sky.

Sara said nothing, but the doctor spoke openly of the strange conduct of Mr. Oswald Cray.

"I know nothing that can have offended him," he observed. "Unless he has chosen to take umbrage at the money's having been left to me."

"Nonsense," said Miss Davenal; "it's not that. Mr. Oswald Cray did not want the money for himself; would not, it is said, have accepted it. It is not that."

And "It is not that," echoed Sara Davenal's heart.

"What else is it, then?" said the doctor. "Nobody in this house has done anything to offend him. *You* have not, I suppose, Sara"—suddenly turning upon her, as a faint doubt flashed into his mind, never before admitted to it.

The question brought to her she knew not what of emotion. She answered it with an outward appearance of calmness, save for the burning red that dyed her face.

"Nothing, papa. The last time I spoke to Mr. Oswald Cray was the night of the accident. We parted quite good friends—as we always had parted."

And the sweet words whispered by Oswald rose up before her as she spoke. What a contrast! that time and this!

"Just so," replied the doctor. "There has been nothing whatever to cause this coolness on his part, except the business of the money. Well, as I give it back to the family perhaps my gentleman will come round. Rely upon it, that pride of his has been touched in some manner or other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ *Amore*, as an old professor in Columbia College, used to hold forth for the edification of his class, contains in itself all the conditions of a good wife; for example, in its entirety—*amore*, with affection; *more*, with good manners or morals; *ore*, with beauty; and, happiest residuum, at the bottom of the cup, *re*, with property!

☞ Say what is right, and let others say what they please.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

At Moscow, and its 25,000 Children.

(CONCLUDED.)

In the infirmary I felt what I had often felt elsewhere—it is the great fault of all Russian public buildings, and Russian houses in general—that, however large the rooms are, the air is very close and tepid. The Russians never seem to open windows; they do not care for, nor understand, ventilation. They do not worship oxygen, the sister of health. Their long winter imprisonments between treble doors and double windows, in rooms where the stove never goes out, deprives them of all care for fresh air. They cease to be even conscious of its absence, and do as well without it, it must be confessed, as a torpid dormouse does without food.

As we approached the dining-hall—the Ober police-master having now taken off Schnaps to some remote place of durance—stopping now and then to see more rooms full of nurses bow all at once, like so many bulrushes bending to the wind, we began to enter corridors full of sober-mannered children, walking in twos and twos, waiting for dinner with much cheerful expectancy, but no romping or school-girl tumult.

The welcome signal of gong bell was given, and I and the governor followed the children into the long, low-roofed dining hall as they streamed in, and, with perfect discipline, took their places at their special tables. It was delightful to see the governor as he took his stand alone at his own small central table, where on a tray stood a covered bowl of soup, some black bread, and, in fact, an epitome of the school dinner.

He wore a true bank-parlor air, seeming to look down upon seas of sovereigns and waving prairies of bank notes. The matrons were bustling up and down, busy as aide de camps, marshalling their respective classes.

All the innocent faces turned at once towards that little gilt shining picture of the Greek saint that was nailed up in the extreme right-hand corner of the room. And now rising up in their respective places, they poured forth a stream of song, which was their grace before meat. Then there was a shaking down into places, an ominous sound of jostling forks and spoons, and the real business of the day commenced.

I examined the food: it was pure, good, excellently cooked, and served up with a religious neatness that gave you an appetite even to look at it. I observed that the children ate less vigorously than our English children. There was little hurry, and many left their plates uncleared. I am afraid there had been none of that hearty play in pure air before meals that makes English school children such terrible trencher-clearers.

All this time the governor, with the air of a man expecting a run on his bank, and proudly indifferent to the fact, stood at his table talking to the head matron, or making believe to dine.

That form gone through, the governor laid aside his thunders, and, descending to earth, led me from table to table, pointing me out specially clever children, and evoking many a smile and blush by kind words of encouragement and recognition. I was specially pleased with the high-toned manner and self-respect of the elder girls, the young ladies of seventeen or eighteen, who were at the first-class table. They neither simpered nor were confused. They answered questions readily, with perfect ease and self-possession, gracefully and naturally; but neither servilely nor with the slightest *mauvaise honte*. No lady from the best circles of London, Paris, or Vienna, could have boasted a more refined and unaffected manner.

"Some of my children here," said the governor, "are good linguists, and speak and write French, German, and their own tongue perfectly. Many are excellent musicians and artists. We allow them to select their pursuits and studies according to their tastes and faculties. One or two know a little English and Italian."

I inquired why they did not all learn English: it would be so useful to the future governesses.

"But," said the governor, "we cannot afford it; as it is, each child is even now a great annual expense. French and German carry them through very well."

I asked what it was that every child we approached said to the governor.

The governor smiled, and straightway cashed invisible cheques to a large amount.

"They say," he replied, "Good day, papa, in one of their three languages: we poor Russians, sir, speak a polyglot jargon."

To fill up the time while the children completed their dinner, we went to see the kitchen, where the young, sturdy, buxom servants were all orphans and foundlings, and where everything was as clean and orderly as elsewhere. The brazen stewpans were so clean that it gave one fresh appetite only to look at them. The bustle was cheerful and pleasant, everybody seeming to enjoy their work, and to be fond of their special duty. The governor smiled, as if he was about to declare a very large half-yearly dividend.

We got back to the dining-hall just as each little guest laid down her knife and fork, and rose to sing grace. Again that beautiful chant rose to Heaven, and mingled with the praises of the angels.

"Now," said the governor, rubbing his hands, as if the rate of exchange was unusually in favor of Russia, "I must show my English visitor our school-rooms, especially those of the higher classes. You will soon begin to know some of the faces."

An English shepherd knows every face in his flock of a thousand sheep. Out of thousands of children the governor could at a glance, I found, select his favorites.

As we passed down a passage (passages in the Vospitatelnoi Dom are of enormous length) the pleasant rippling sound of piano-playing breaking forth from a side-room, the governor put on his dividend-declaring air, and sillily opened the door.

There, seated at her piano, in her own little study, sat my little Raphael-faced girl, practising with all the absorbed enthusiasm of a Saint Cecilia. The rose-color kindled on her cheek as she got up and curtseyed. The governor paid her some little compliment in Russian, and closed the door.

"The dear children are very happy here," he said. "Any child who has ever been at our Vospitatelnoi, and once passed beneath the shadow of the great stone pelican over the entrance, has a right to return here for aid if poverty, sickness or misfortune overtake her."

How could I help repeating these divine words to myself: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"From what are your funds derived?" I asked. "The foundling at St. Petersburg, I hear, derives its revenues from the sale of playing-cards, and the profits of the Lombard loan office."

"We," said the governor, toying with an imaginary cheque book, "have also a Lombard bank, and we have also had much money left us by the great Demidoff family. The government grants us, in addition, a tax of ten per cent. on all places of public amusement. Now, my dear sir, take a look out of this window at our gardens before we enter into the class-rooms."

I looked and saw a very large garden, large almost as an average London square, to use a familiar comparison, with rows of wooden cabins on one side of it.

"Those cabins are where we sometimes lodge the children in the hot weather," said the governor; "they enjoy that pic-nic life marvellously. We have, of course, many other gardens, besides large establishments in the country, such as that where all our boys now are; we have also some five thousand infants nursing under inspection in the environs."

We entered the class-rooms, all alike, each with its lady-like and well-mannered matron, its rows of raised desks, and its unabashed lady-like girls. As we walked down each room, between the desks, I could not help again admiring the exquisite neatness of the uniform dress, and the grace and trimness of everything about the place.

The moment the governor entered, as if sunshine was diffused from his very face, a smile of welcome spread over every countenance. He was evidently more of the father than the despot.

At the end of the long suite of class-rooms we came to a large, square, empty apartment, surrounded by glass cases full of little dressed-up mannikins.

"This," said the governor, "is a room full of playthings for my twenty-five thousand children. We teach them from these things better than by books. Here are models of different nations, and of all the chief birds, beasts and fishes. Dear children! they delight in this room. But now you must come to our chief matron's room, and take a tumbler of tea with a slice of lemon in it, in our Russian way; and you can note down anything you want to know that I can tell, for—I am only too glad to talk about the dear old Vospitatelnoi."

I accepted the governor's kind offer, and followed him. As we got nearer the hall we fell into a sort of gulf-stream of wet-nurses, each of whom wore that peculiar low flat-topped tiara (not unlike a flattened-out Glengarry) peculiar to Russian nurses. As we stopped for a moment to speak to one, a little rosy girl, her black eyes sparkling with fun and happiness, flew to the governor and seized his hand. It was the same little girl we had seen in bed when we began our rounds, an hour and a half before.

When we reached the chief matron's room, a pleasant, well-furnished apartment, fit for any lady, we took our seats. The governor rang the bell and ordered tea.

I will not prolong matters by throwing our conversation into its natural dialogue, as the governor's answers imply the questions; but simply set down briefly, pell-mell, what he now told me of the working of the Vospitatelnoi, premising that as he spoke he crossed one leg over another, and nibbed invisible pens, preparatory to the work of going through the annual accounts.

"We cannot strictly," he said, "call the Vospitatelnoi a Foundling, for we take any children brought to us, from anywhere or from any one, without question or inquiry, provided it be not beyond a certain age. The entrance to our receiving-lodge is never shut, summer or winter, day or night. We receive about twenty infants a day. They are all numbered and registered. More come in the dark than any other time; more on fine days than bad; more in summer than winter. The parents give their names if they choose, but they are not compelled. They may pay for the child's support, or not, as they like. Those who pay four pounds ten shillings a year have a right to see that their child is not sent out to nurse, but is brought up entirely in the house. The boys who have two hundred and fifty roubles (a rouble is three shillings) left with them are educated as officers—chiefly engineers; the unpaid for become nearly all common soldiers. In St. Petersburg the boys are sent to the government paper, carpet and looking-glass manufactories; others become merchants, artists, or priests. Our best lads are sent to the university, or are trained to get their livelihood as medical men.

"When a child has been registered and baptized, a ticket, with a name and number, is hung round its neck; a duplicate is at the same time given to the woman who brings it, so that it can be claimed when it reaches the age of twenty-one, or before. The country nurses get five roubles a week. We have had children sent from Bessarabia, and places a thousand miles off in Siberia. One fourth, alas! die in the first six weeks, and more than one-half in the first six years. More at St. Petersburg, too, where the peasants are poor, than here at Moscow, where the nurses are more robust. The St. Petersburg Vospitatelnoi, near the Fontanka Canal, covers thirty thousand square toises of land, or thirty-eight English acres. I do not know the exact size of our establishment. Ours is rather a town than a house. I do not know exactly when we started, but the St. Petersburg branch was founded by the Empress Catherine in 1770. It then held only three hundred infants; it now receives about seven thousand a year, and supports some twenty-five thousand six hundred children. And now tell me, as you seem to care for these things, what number your London Foundling supports."

"Four hundred and fifty, poor children and adults, only," I replied; "but it supports through life all those of its inmates who are unfitted, personally or mentally, for apprenticeship. It was founded in 1739 by Captain Coram, an old mariner, who had made money chiefly by trading to Georgia and Nova Scotia. The brave old fellow spent all his money on the charity, and became in his old age comparatively poor."

As I rose to go, the governor put on the air of one looking about for a bank safe to be sold on reasonable terms; and diving into his inner sanctum, re-appeared with a photograph of the Vospitatelnoi.

"Accept that, my dear sir," he said, handing it to me, "it may sometimes remind you of the Foundling at Moscow."

I thanked him warmly. He followed me, bowing, into the hall, and we parted with mutual expressions of good will. In the hall, Herr Schnaps pounced again upon his prey, and led me, like a prisoner on parol, to my carriage. On my expressing a wish to drive, after lunch, to the Great Simonoff Monastery, outside the walls, he announced to me the utter impracticability of the plan, upon which I paid him off in a pet, and drove alone to my hotel. W. T.

☞ Orion P. Howe, a little drummer boy in the 55th Illinois Volunteers, has been placed in the Naval School at Newport by the President. Gen. Sherman wrote to the Secretary of War of him saying that at the assault on Vicksburg he came to him at the front, crying out: "Gen. Sherman, send some cartridges to Col. Malmborg, the men are nearly out." "What is the matter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away." Even where we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges, and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned and called as loud as he could, "Calibre 54" "I have not seen the lad since, and his colonel (Malmborg,) on inquiry, gives me his address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education. What, continues the General, arrested my attentions then was—and what renewed my memory of the fact now—is that one so young, carrying a musket ball through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part, even, of the calibre of his musket, 54, which you know is an unusual one."

☞ As in men, so in books—the soul is all in which souls must deal; and the soul of the book is whatsoever beautiful, and true, and noble we can find in it.—*Kingsley.*

☞ There are not less than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in gold held by the people at large, and while it is firmly held at present, any movement by the army South or West promising success may precipitate a large proportion of the amount upon the market, and undoubtedly cause an enormous decline.

So bright's the tear in beauty's eye,
Love hardly likes to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of happiness,
E'en pity scarce can wish it less.—*Byron.*

☞ He that watches the hand of Providence will never want a providence to watch.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

PRIMARY MEETINGS.

We suppose that very many of our city readers have found out by this time what a farce the primary meetings of political parties are. They have found that they may attend those meetings, and yet the nominations result no better than before. The reasons are these:—

1. That the nominations are not made by these primary meetings, but at elections held afterwards, where all who claim to belong to the party may vote.

2. That at those elections the choice is virtually determined by a large number of ignorant and careless voters.

3. That regular politicians—who live by politics, and devote all of their time to the management of voters, elections and conventions—can generally outgeneral and outmanage, and always outcheat, those who live by other kinds of business, and have those daily employments to attend to.

4. That these party nominating elections are officered by men who are not sworn to do fairly—and many of whom think that all is fair in politics as in war. Therefore if the regular politicians cannot carry their point by fair means, they generally can by foul ones.

In the city of New York also they seem to have awakened to the folly of primary elections. The *N. Y. Tribune* has repeatedly alluded to the subject, and Horace Greeley, in a recent speech, said:—

There is a general want of faith, a just want of faith, on your part and on mine in the persons whom we usually send to represent and act for us in Legislatures, in Congress, and other places. How many feel that when they have chosen their seven men to represent you in one house at Albany and two in the other they have chosen nine of the best men in the city? I say that the fault is not that the people invariably decide wrong, but that they never have a chance to decide right. Primary nominations are put up for the Legislature, and you have got to choose between them; and you choose the one generally whose convictions accord with yours. I do not say in the last resort anything better can be done. But I believe this whole primary election business is a swindle, and ought to be put aside. I believe the best men of this city could get together in one private parlor, or in a dozen private parlors, and bring forward men for the Assembly and for the Senate and Congress, who shall be very much higher in mental and moral qualifications than the men who we usually vote for or against in this city. And I believe we have reached that state when the people should take this matter into their own hands, and no longer allow that course to be pursued whereby men nominate themselves, and call it the regular nomination. [Laughter and cheers.] Two or three men think they should go to Congress; they spend $3,000 or $4,000 or $5,000, and pack a convention. There is just the same packing on the other side. And one of these nominations asks your support. It will be no time to fight against the principle at the last moment. Begin early. Let your wisest and strongest and most discreet men meet and say who are the men eminent in capacity and moral worth who can represent and worthily represent us in Congress. Having selected such men, let them, by public requisitions, put down to the ferries for signatures, call on these men to stand for Congress; and, having done that, go forward and elect them. You will find, by that means (not easy—no reform is easy—by patient effort), you may very greatly improve the character of the men you usually send to Congress or to the Legislature. You may send men there whom no corruptor of legislators would dare approach—men who never thought of bribery, and no one ever thought of bribing. You may thus, by your shining example, do something to lift this country out of the mire of corruption which now threatens it with ruin, and a dry rot, which is more fatal even than this terrible rebellion.

While we have not a great deal of faith in Mr. Greeley's plan, we see no harm in trying it for a change. We, for one, never expect to attend another primary meeting—at least in any large city. As to how they manage things in the country, we are not so well informed. We doubt, however, whether even there the most suitable men often get nominated, not to say elected.

Our own very complimentary idea is that our representatives generally are true representatives of the average intellect and honesty—or stupidity and dishonesty—of the voting populations of their respective districts.

Whether any cunning plan can be devised by which the representative shall be made to represent higher than the average wisdom and honesty of the mass of his constituents, we greatly question. The only plan which we think feasible is the following:—Never to attend the primary meetings and elections except with the understanding that you will not be bound by their decisions; and then to allow your party to be defeated (so far as the want of your vote will do it) whenever they do not put in nomination a suitable man. Go steadily upon the principle that it is better for your party, your country, and your own conscience, that if a bad man is elected to office, he shall belong to the opposing party. Between the two evils choose that which is really the least—and allow the bad candidate of the opposite party to be elected.

As soon as the party managers find that there are a large number of their own voters who will not vote for an ill-qualified man, who laugh at all the oratorical and editorial talk about the country going to perdition if that particular election be not carried, and who answer that it will go there anyhow unless better men can be put in office—when they thus become aware that this intelligent portion of their own strength can neither be frightened nor cajoled, they will probably begin to nominate candidates of a better character.

But until the intelligent and honest members of the political parties can muster sufficient nerve to laugh to scorn all the solemn warnings of the regular party managers, and of the orators and editors they control, and resolve to *let their party be defeated*, there is no hope for a better state of things.

Mind—we do not say it is an easy matter to make water run up-hill, to cause the political thermometer to register higher than the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere; but a good many difficult and apparently unreasonable things can be done by men who have the mind to plan and the nerve to execute.

One word in conclusion. To those who are inclined to think we make somewhat too light of the importance of elections, and the defeat of your own party, we would simply say: Look back at the political contests of the last forty years. Who believes now, whatever he believed then, that the safety of the country depended upon which way three-fourths of the "great political questions" which convulsed the Union in their day were decided? The Internal Improvement Question, the Tariff, the United States Bank, the Sub-Treasury System—what tremendous matter did it make which way these questions were determined? And yet, on the strength of opinions often varying no more than tweedledum from tweedledee, the great majority of honest people went on voting rogues and fools into office on one side and the other—*doing one hundred fold more harm by aiding in the corruption of the Government, than all their party triumphs did good.*

THE NEW LOAN.

We called attention last week to the expediency of investing in the new Loan announced by Mr. Chase. Large investments in this loan tend not only to promote the individual interests of the taker, but by lessening the issue of paper, to keep down the price of gold, and thus prevent the inflation of a great financial bubble, which one day may burst to the general injury.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

This paper recently announced its eighteenth anniversary. We are glad to hear that it never was so prosperous as at present. The Bulletin has become one of the institutions of Philadelphia, and long may it flourish to enlighten a host of readers.

CURIOUS GROUNDS OF DEFENCE.—Lieut. N——— writes to the SAT. EVE. POST, from Jacksonville, Florida, as follows:

A court martial is supposed to be given to "mature deliberation on the evidence adduced;" nevertheless, it sometimes sees a joke. Before a court assembled at this place, Lieut. H———, of the —th Ohio, was lately tried for misbehavior before the enemy. The only witnesses introduced by the defence were Col. B——— and private A———. The former testified that the accused had told him he would rejoin his regiment as soon as he had got some coffee; the latter that the lieutenant had asked him for coffee. The Judge Advocate, in reviewing the evidence, gave it as his opinion that the only grounds upon which the defence rested were *coffee grounds.*

LETTER FROM COM STOCKTON.—A letter from Commodore Stockton, in relation to the Railroad and Canal Companies of New Jersey, will be found in our advertising columns. The letter is in reply to the attempts of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to obtain Congressional sanction for another road from New York to Washington. The Commodore is a forcible writer, and it is always well to read what can be said upon both sides of a question.

DEATH OF WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.—Mr. Ticknor, of the celebrated firm of Ticknor & Fields of Boston—publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, and of a host of excellent books—died suddenly, in this city, on Sunday the 10th inst., from an attack of pneumonia. We sincerely sympathize with his family and friends in their sudden and unexpected bereavement.

CONGRESSIONAL.—We are indebted to the Hon. Leonard Myers for the recent speech of the Hon. Winter Davis, and other speeches of an interesting character.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Sixteenth President of the United States. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., Phila.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following pieces, recently published by Messrs. Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT'S GRAND MARCH. Composed by E. Mack. With a well executed portrait of General Grant.

I'D BE A FAIRY KING. Words by Charles Sangster. Music by R. S. Ambrose.

THE ROCKY HILLS OF GETTYSBURG. Words by Prof. T. C. Porter. Music by J. B. Kevinski.

LA TRISTICOL. Variations on "No One to Love." Affectionately inscribed to F. L. by Miss A. O. F. L.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, from the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the Capture of Roanoke Island. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of "The Pioneer Boy," &c. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY. A Magazine of Literature, Civil and Military Affairs. Published by Bailey & Noyes, Portland. Some of the Maine people have concluded that they will have a monthly of their own, and certainly we see no reason why they should not. The second number, now before us, contains articles by Caroline E. D. Howe, Miss S. P. Warren, Kate Putnam, John Neal, &c.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1864. pp. 641. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut street. Probably we can give no better account of this volume than to quote what a contemporary says of it:—"The reader will turn to its pages in admiration of the enterprise and industry displayed in producing such an exhaustive and invaluable companion-book of reference for everything that concerns our country, its several states and territories, their local institutions, and the governments, countries, and affairs of the whole civilized world. Almost every question that can be asked about officers, offices, governments, finances, elections, education, armies, navies, commerce, navigation, or any other public affair, at home and abroad, is answered in this volume of the Almanac. Of such matter there are over 600 compactly and beautifully printed pages. The book is a miracle of condensation. But what will most strike the attention of the casual observer of its varied and interesting contents, is the rich store of information relating to the volunteers furnished by the several states to the armies of the United States. Here are found names, dates, exact figures in detail of all the regimental organizations from all the states and territories which for the first time spread before the eyes of the patriotic people of the country the particular marvellous development of the military power of the United States during the war to crush the great rebellion. Those who would have a *photograph of the world* for the last two years, should possess the National Almanac for 1864."

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. The number for April is on our table. Published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

☞ The French Revolution made the first real sensible improvements in dress. It took from us the muslin bolster, and gave us black silk neckerchiefs; it threw away the old head wig for real living hair; it started the swallow-tail coat and trowsers; it abolished the cocked-hat, and tossed away the sword.

☞ The Washington Star tells about a soldier who in dodging away from a patrol, hid himself in a restaurant by jumping into a large box used for steaming oysters. The lid closed with a spring lock, and the disappointed patrol went on his way baffled. In a little while the colored man attending the apparatus turned on a full head of steam in order to prepare a mess for some customers. The soldier began to grow uncomfortably warm, and kicked and yelled lustily for liberation until the frightened negro ran away shouting that "de debbil was in de steamer." Other employees gathered around, hearing the noise, and released the perspiring soldier, who bounded with the speed of a machine whose motive power is steam.

☞ BABY.—A problem which is propounded by the world to be solved by time. Typographically speaking, a short article, with a heading in small caps. Graphically speaking, a morsel of humanity, which is generally the admiration of one sex and the aggravation of the other. Philosophically speaking, moral lessons in long clothes, set before us to remind the greatest of what they have once been, and to worry the irritable old bachelor with what he has a great dislike to come to.

☞ ETHERIZATION.—This is no new thing. There is an "allusion to soporific surgery," in Middleton's drama, "Women beware Women," first published in 1657:

Hippolito—"Yes, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course
Which she shall never know till it be acted.
And when she wakes to honor, then she'll
thank me for't:
I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To their lost limb, who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part."

☞ A London merchant has left Kossuth a legacy of $5,000.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

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} Ex-Officio.

The Metropolitan Fair, now being held in New York, is on the most magnificent scale imaginable. No description can do justice to the elaborate and superb decorations. It is impossible in our limited space even to mention the various departments. In the centre of the hall is the Floral Department; and the remainder is occupied by booths and tables assigned to different states, societies and traders. On one side of the main hall are the rooms for the contributions of grocers, perfumers, etc.; beyond this again, the confectionery department, with the restaurant over it; which is capable of accommodating over 1 000 persons. Upon the opposite side of the hall is the picture gallery, one hundred feet in length, lofty and well lighted from the roof by day, and at night by four hundred and ninety gas jets. There are more than 600 paintings on exhibition. Bierstadt's inimitable picture of "The Rocky Mountains," Church's "Heart of the Andes," and Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," occupy the most noticeable positions in this superb collection. Beyond the corridor, at the end of the hall, are a series of rooms, comprising the *lingerie*, house furnishing and other departments. Over them, in a second story, are the library, curiosity shop, dressmaking and millinery rooms, etc. Standing upon this upper corridor, and looking down into the main hall below, a grand view is obtained. The New York Fire Department, and the New Jersey Department rival each other in the beauty of their decorations, while everywhere, in rich profusion, from roof and girder, and wall, flags and other national emblems are hung; while innumerable and indescribable devices formed of evergreens and flowers seem to canopy the apartment.

The hall assigned to "Arms and Trophies," although large, is crowded to repletion with interesting relics, so skillfully arranged as to present a very beautiful appearance, while each article can be easily examined.

Across the main entrance, is the Indian Department, under the supervision of Mr. Brintadt, who has given much valuable time to fitting it up in true Indian style. Here, quite a number of Indians give daily performances, which are as crowded as to render in difficult to obtain admittance.

Another building, some squares distant, is devoted to the "International Department," "The Knickerbocker Kitchen," and "The Children's Department."

The former is most beautifully embellished with flags of all nations, statuary, plants and flowers, an aquarium, and a fountain. Such crowds thronged this building as to render it almost impossible to examine the grand display of ornamental and useful articles that was here made. The "Knickerbocker Kitchen" is a most attractive feature of the Fair, with its quaint furniture, its tempting lunches and teas, and so fitly presided over as it is by a lady dressed in olden time costume; who surely could not have been more becomingly arrayed in dress of the present day.

From 11 in the morning until 11 at night, the people thronged the Fair buildings, thousands of dollars being daily taken for admission. We dare not hope an equal success for Philadelphia; but we do expect something creditable from the united exertions of the people of Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

United States Sanitary Commission,

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.
No. 1323 CHESTNUT ST., March 1, 1864

The undersigned, members of the Executive Committee of the GREAT CENTRAL FAIR for the Sanitary Commission, beg to invite the co-operation of all their fellow-citizens, especially of those resident in Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey, in this important enterprise. It is proposed to hold the Fair in Philadelphia, in the *first week in June next*, and it is confidently expected that the contributions, coming from a population so benevolent and patriotic as that which inhabits the Central States, and representing the most important and varied branches of industry and art, will secure a result in aid of the funds of the Commission, and for the benefit of the soldier, at least equal to that which has attended similar undertakings in other cities. It is not necessary to say a word to stimulate sympathy for the soldiers. We feel for them all as brethren, and the popular heart seeks only the best mode of manifesting that sympathy in the most efficient and practical way. These Fairs in other places have been productive of great results. By this means Chicago has recently raised for this object sixty thousand dollars, Boston one hundred and fifty thousand, and Cincinnati more than two hundred thousand. We appeal, then, with the greatest confidence to the inhabitants of the Central States, especially to those who constitute the great industrial classes, to send as contributions the productions of their skill and workmanship. We appeal to them in the interest of no party, radical or conservative, Republican or Democratic, Administration or anti-Administration. We know only this, that to send our national soldiers in the field supplies to supplement those Government undertakes to give them, but which they sometimes fail to receive, and thus to relieve them, when sick and in misery, is a work of Christian charity, and that it is a work of intelligent patriotism also, as economizing their life, health and efficiency, on which, under God, the Nation depends in this its time of trouble.

We therefore ask every clergyman to announce this humane undertaking to his people, and to advise them to do what they can to further it. We ask the press to give it the widest publicity and the most earnest encouragement. We call on every workshop, factory and mill, for a specimen of the best thing it can turn out; on every artist, great and small, for one of his creations; on all loyal women, for the exercise of their taste and industry; on farmers, for the products of their fields and dairies. The miner, the naturalist, the man of science, the traveller, can each send something that can, at the very least, be converted into a blanket that will warm, and may save from death, some one soldier whom Government supplies have failed to reach. Every one who can produce anything that has money value is invited to give a sample of his best work as an offering to the cause of national unity. Every workingman, mechanic, or farmer, who can make a pair of shoes, or raise a barrel of apples, is called on to contribute something that can be turned into money, and again from money into the means of economizing the health and the life of our national soldiers.

Committees have been appointed in each department of industry and art, whose business it will be to solicit contributions for the Fair, each in its own special branch. These Committees will place themselves in communication with those persons who may wish to aid us. In the meantime, it is recommended that Local Committees or Associations should be formed in every portion of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey, with a view of organizing the industry of their respective neighborhoods, so as to secure contributions for the Fair.

Committees of Ladies have also been organized, to co-operate with those of the gentlemen in soliciting contributions.

A list of these Committees will be shortly published and distributed. In the meantime, those who are disposed to aid us, or who may desire any further information on the subject, are requested to address the Corresponding Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Great Central Fair, 1323 Chestnut street.

JOHN WELSH, Chairman.
CALEB COPE, Treasurer.
CHARLES J. STILLE, Cor. Sec'y.
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Rec. Sec.
GEORGE W. HUNTER, Ass't Sec'y.

The Committee upon Correspondence in Pennsylvania, having been instructed to await the action of Gov. Curtin in forming Committees throughout the State, before entering upon their duties, but feeling that much important time is being lost, desire to make known that they are ready to give information concerning the Fair, and forward circulars to any who may make application to them.

Mrs. M. B. Grier, Mrs. G. W. Plitt, Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, Miss Hawley, Mrs. L. Norris, Mrs. Frothingham, Mrs. Isaac Hazlehurst, Miss Wells, Miss Gibbs, Mrs. Judge Strong, Mrs. Thomas Mott, Mrs. Charles Wharton.

MRS BLOOMFIELD MOORE, Chairman.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, April 11th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss Ellen Searle, Sec'y, 1 keg; Miss Starr, 1414 Arch st., 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, 3 pkgs.; New England Society, through Special Relief, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Lockhaven, Clinton co., Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Mrs. Mary B. Shantz, Commercial Hotel, No. 30 South Sixth st., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Dr. Brainerd's church, Mrs. Farr, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Newark, Del., Mrs. S. A. Curtis, 1 box; Byberry Aid Society, Jane Hillborne, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association, Bethlehem, Miss F. J. Heuffel, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Newcastle, Del., 1 box, 1 bale; a lady, no address, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Jones, Roxborough, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Fairville, Chester co., C. H. Brinton, Sec'y, 1 box; Field Hospital Association, Miss H. A. Zell, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; "B.," 1100 Walnut st., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss Ellen Searle, Sec'y, bbls. Nos. 14 and 18; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss Clara C. Grieg, Sec'y, 3 boxes, 2 kegs; Soldiers' Aid, Hollidaysburg, Blair co., Mrs. Banks, Sec'y, 1 box; Chas. Adams, (little boy), 1 pkg.; Mrs. G. W. Jayne, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Manch Chunk, Mrs. Weitzel, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Jacobstown, Miss Fidelia A. Pratt, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Willsboro, Tioga co., Miss Martha P. Emery, Sec'y, box No. 17; Mrs. I. Rieggold Wilmer, 1 pkg.; Hebrew Women's Aid, Miss R. Moss, Sec'y, 1 pkg.

☞ Mrs. Hornby, in her entertaining work on Constantinople, gives a strange account of the diet of Turkish babies. She says, "They eat cucumbers and chestnuts, and are nursed at the same time."

☞ A gentleman in Springfield, Mass., was riding on horseback the other day near the railroad, when a freight train came along, the horse became frightened, turned suddenly, sprang into a carriage in which a man was seated, then out on the other side, with his rider on his back, without harming anybody.

☞ Nineteen great arches of a railway, intended to connect the Sydenham Crystal Palace with London, fell down recently with such a tremendous crash, as to astonish the whole neighborhood and destroy much valuable glass. The contractor lost six thousand pounds sterling.

☞ New fashions in dress produce new diseases. Diptheria, that infectious form of sore throat, is said to have originated in the modern custom of wearing low, turn-down collars, instead of the old stiff white walls, which now mark so conspicuously the middle-aged man. The national throat, guarded for so many centuries by ropes of muslin, black velvet solitaires, lace collars, and other knick-knacks, was suddenly stripped of all its defences, and thrown open to the rude winds. The result blossoms out in the disagreeable form of diptheria, nature's terrible warning of the danger, and simultaneous correction of the folly.

☞ Mrs. Somerville, the eminent astronomer, is at Genoa, on a visit. Although more than fourscore years old, she is said to be engaged upon a work of literary importance; and she can read the smallest print and thread a needle without spectacles.

☞ Conversation is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

In a late number of the Troy Daily Times, we find the following interesting data concerning the members of the present Congress, from its Washington correspondent:—

In our opinion—

The best speaker on the Union side is Hon. William D. Kelley, Pennsylvania; on the Democratic side, Hon. D. W. Voorhees, Indiana.

The best parliamentarian, Union side, Hon. E. B. Washburne, Illinois; Democrat, Hon. S. S. Cox.

The readiest debater, Union, Hon. John A. Kasson, Iowa; Democrat, Hon. George H. Pendleton, Ohio. In the last Congress, Hon. John A. Bingham, Ohio, C. L. Vallandigham, Canada.

The member with the best blood is Hon. John Low, Indiana, who's patriot grandfather was a member of the old Continental Congress, 1776. His maternal grandfather was a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, his father was a member of Congress during the war of 1812, and Mr. Low, the present representative, is now serving his second term.

The oldest convention member is Hon. E. B. Washburne, Illinois, who has held his seat for eleven years. In the last Congress, was Hon. John S. Phelps, Missouri, who was a colonel in the Union army, and had been in Congress for eighteen years.

The oldest man is Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania, who is almost 72 years old.

The youngest is Gen. James A. Garfield, who is only 33 years old. Hon. Ignatius Donnelley, Minnesota, is just sixteen days older.

Hon. Walter D. McIndoe, Wisconsin, a very efficient gentleman—has only one hand.

The General of highest rank is Major-General Robert C. Schenck, whose commission dates from August 30th, 1862. The other Generals are Garfield, Ohio; Dumont, Indiana; Blair, Missouri.

The colonels are Col. Green Clay Smith, Kentucky; Col. Amasa Cobb, Wisconsin; Col. Ephraim R. Eckley, Ohio; Col. Henry C. Demming, Connecticut. Col. Demming was Mayor for over two years, of New Orleans, under the reign of General Butler. The other Colonels are Col. Robert B. Van Valkenburgh, New York; Col. Sempronius H. Boyd, Missouri; Col. Joseph W. McClurg, Missouri, and Col. John F. Farnsworth, Illinois, who acted as General for some time.

The handsomest man is Hon. William Windom, Minnesota.

The wealthiest man is Hon. Oakes Ames, a manufacturer from Massachusetts, who is worth over two millions.

The most rapid speaker is the Speaker, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Indiana.

The tallest man is Hon. Brutus J. Clay, Kentucky.

The shortest members are J. W. McClurg, Missouri; Augustus Brandegee, Connecticut; Nehemiah Perry, New Jersey; Francisco Perea, New Mexico; the difference to be decided by the respective thickness of the soles.

The smallest member is the Hon. S. S. Cox; the largest is Hon. John D. Baldwin, Massachusetts.

The most productive—Gen. Ebenezer Dumont, the father of nineteen children.

The most graceful man is Hon. William H. Wadsworth, Kentucky.

The most dignified man is Hon. Rufus F. Spaulding, Ohio.

The most sarcastic man is Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania.

The most social man is Gen. F. P. Blair, Missouri.

The member who has sent away the most speeches is S. S. Cox, this Congress; the last, Hon. B. Wood, the speech Fernando wrote.

The cleverest man is Hon. James Marvin, New York.

The largest farmer on the Union side is Hon. Josiah B. Grinnell, Iowa, who has six thousand acres of land, and keeps six thousand sheep. The big farmer on the "other side" is a good substantial Union man, Hon. Brutus J. Clay, Kentucky, who owns sixty-five hundred acres of land, and whose home farm contains two thousand acres, worth $150 per acre. Mr. Clay has two hundred and seventy-five negroes, fifty mules, two hundred sheep, one hundred and fifty blooded cattle—some of the most famous in the United States. His usual stock of cattle is about four hundred head.

The still man is Hon. James C. Robinson, Illinois.

The member who never fails to move an amendment, is Hon. William S. Holman, Indiana.

The member who lives the farthest East is Hon. Frederick A. Pike, Maine. West, Hon. John R. McBride, Oregon. North, Hon. I. Donnelly, Minnesota. South, Hon. Cornelius Cole, California, whose district reaches down to Mexico.

Hon. James Brooks is the best read man, and has a district of the smallest area—three wards in New York city.

Idaho is the largest Territory, and has an area of 326,373 square miles. Mr. Donnelly, of Minnesota, has the largest district of any member—his is 590 miles wide.

The House has twenty-five members with bald heads, thirty with mustaches and two with wigs.

Hon. Henry Winter Davis lives the nearest, thirty-nine miles, and $32 for mileage. Hon. William H. Wallace, of Idaho, travels 7,097 miles, and gets $6,397 60 for mileage.

The politest member is Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, New York.

The most *gallant* is Hon. F. W. Kellogg, Michigan.

The *dryest* joker is Hon. Robert Mallory, Kentucky.

Three members represent each a state—Messrs. Smithers, Delaware; McBride, Oregon, and Wilder, Kansas.

There are seventeen members who are slave-holders.

There are twenty-four members from slave states, of whom fourteen vote with the Union party and ten with the Democrats.

The best penman is Hon. Augustus Frank, New York; the poorest Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania.

The most radical man is Hon. Owen Lovejoy, Illinois—[since dead.]

The most venerable is Hon. Francis Thomas, Maryland.

The snow-capped and gold-bound district is Colorado—Hon. H. P. Bennet, delegate.

Letter from Admiral Dahlgren.

Admiral Dahlgren has written a letter, dated Washington, March 27th, to Mr. Chas. Willing Hare, responding to the resolutions passed by the Dahlgren Howitzer Battery of this city, in reference to the death of their late comrade, the lamented Colonel Ulric Dahlgren. The letter concludes as follows:

The accidents and necessities of my own unsettled life cast the birth of my gallant boy, Ulric, at a rural home in Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia. But his parents were born and educated in your city, his grandparents and those before them, even so far back as the colonial period of the state, were born and lived in Philadelphia, and their remains, with those of his mother, brothers, and sister, repose there. His own career in life was opening among you (in the study of the law) under the eye of his kind and excellent uncle, Mr. James W. Paul, when the first cannon shot at our glorious flag roused the young and old of the land.

The hope which you express that Philadelphia will give a monument to her son, who has given to her cause all he had to give, limb, and then life; who, before completing the first year of his manhood, had been honored with the high rank of a colonel for service and sacrifice on so many battlefields; and who fell in a desperate effort to rescue his comrades from a captivity worse than death, though himself just recovering from wounds that had maimed his fair proportions—strikes every chord in my heart, and most gladly will I contribute to the purpose from my own scanty resources.

* * * * *

Will your comrades be pleased to accept my ever-grateful thanks for their feeling remembrance of *my* son and *their* associate. With my best wishes for the honor and success of your company,

I am, most truly, theirs,
JOHN A. DAHLGREN,
Rear-Admiral Commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

GLOVES.—Although some authors assert that gloves were used by the Chaldeans of old, yet the first distinct and reliable mention of them is made by Xenophon. He tells us that the Persians, not content with protecting their head and feet against the cold, also covered their hands with thick gloves. When speaking of Laertes, Homer relates that "he wore gloves on his hands to secure them from the thorns." Varro, in his "De Re Rustica," remarks that "olives, when gathered by the naked hand, are better than those gathered with gloves." The learned grammarian, Athenæus, writing in the third century, speaks of a celebrated *bon vivant* who made a point of coming to table in gloves, so as to handle and eat the meat while quite hot, thereby gaining the advantage of devouring more than the rest of the company!

☞ Every one will remember the celebrated case of Sir John Dean Paul, the fraudulent London banker. A recent copy of the Madras Times gives some curious information concerning him. Immediately after he was sentenced to penal servitude, Lady Paul realized all the property settled upon her, and proceeded without delay to Sydney, where she purchased a beautiful seat in the suburbs. Her husband having arrived at a penal settlement in another part of Australia as one of a gang of convicts, the wife of the convict baronet applied to the Government for his services, and was permitted to employ him as her "assigned servant." We need scarcely add that having thus released him from unpleasant restraint, she placed all the newly-purchased property in his hands, and has since led a very quiet life in his company.

☞ Dr. Marvel says he has no faith in cats; they are a coldblooded race; they are the politicians among domestic animals; they care little who is master, or what are the overturnings, so their pickings are secure; and what are their midnight caucusses but primary meetings?

☞ POWER OF A HORSE.—One horse can raise 150 lbs. 220 feet high in a minute, eight hours a day; one horse-power is reckoned at from 30,000 to 36,000 lbs. raised one foot high per minute; one horse's force, drawing horizontally, is estimated at 770 lbs.; one horse can draw on a level 4,480 lbs.—two tons—equal to seven men.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States; and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the first of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial uses.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1,000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000); and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1,000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium,) or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a fund for like payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, with a letter stating the kind (registered or coupon) and the denominations of bonds required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
First National Bank of Carlisle, Pa.
First National Bank of Danville, Pa.
First National Bank of Erie, Pa.
First National Bank of Marietta, Pa.
First National Bank of Meadville, Pa.
First National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
Second National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
First National Bank of Strasburg, Pa.
First National Bank of Towanda, Pa.
First National Bank of West Chester, Pa.
Second National Bank of Wilkesbarre, Pa.
First National Bank of York, Pa.
First National Bank of Parkersburg, W. Va.
First National Bank of Washington, D. C.
First National Bank of Newark, N. J.
First National Bank of Baltimore.
First National Bank of Binghampton, N. Y.
First National Bank of Elmira, N. Y.,

and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money. All respectable banks and bankers throughout the country will furnish further information on application, and afford every facility to subscribers. ap23-4t

LATEST NEWS.

The steamer Glendale, from Memphis, arrived at Cairo on Saturday, and reports that nothing remains of Fort Pillow but a mass of ruins, and when she passed there were no signs of the enemy.

The rebel massacre at Fort Pillow has aroused a deep feeling among the soldiers in Tennessee. They threaten to take vengeance in case the Government fails to do so.

Another demand for the surrender of Paducah was made on Friday, and was refused. There had been no fighting up to 8 o'clock on Friday night.

An expedition, under the command of General Graham, left Fortress Monroe on Wednesday night last, landed at different points, concentrated at Smithfield, Virginia, on Thursday evening, routed the rebels, captured a commissioned officer, five men, several horses and carriages, a rebel mail, and fifty contrabands.

Some rebel deserters who have come into our lines at Chattanooga, report that Hardee's corps have been ordered away from Dalton, and it was believed in the rebel lines that they were going to Virginia.

Col. Gallup, on the 13th, attacked a considerable body of rebels near Shelbyville, Ky; killed 25 and captured 50, together with horses and saddles.

The rebels report having driven our troops from the Big Black river, a week ago, and taken several hundred prisoners.

The Savannah Republican states that the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, are dying at the rate of from 20 to 25 per day.

☞ Don't keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang round your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeons about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

☞ Those people who send money to the newspaper offices with a request "send the paper as long as the money lasts," are respectfully informed that, generally speaking, the money don't last long.

☞ GREAT GUNS.—The pair of great guns which Government is having cast—one in New Jersey and the other in Pennsylvania—are to carry shot weighing about one thousands pounds each, which will penetrate the iron armor of vessels as a rifle ball will go through a sheet of tin. The weight of each will be in the vicinity of 110,000 pounds, and the cost of each about $30,000. They are to be smooth bores.

☞ Civilization has modified noticeably the German type. High stature, light or red hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion, are no longer the universal characteristic of a German. In England, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, dark eyes and hair were uncommon, and high cheek bones were a character of the south as of the north. In the time of Henry the Eighth red hair predominated. Any gallery of old portraits will show that three centuries have done much in highly civilized countries to soften and modify the characteristic outline of the features.

☞ ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV.—The death of the queen affected him in the severest degree. "Good God!" said he, when his attendant forced him away from her lifeless body, "is it possible that the queen is dead—and that I must forever lose her, who never gave me pain but when she died!" It is not easy to pronounce a funeral oration in fewer words, or give a stronger evidence of a happy married life.

☞ A THOUGHTFUL KING.—A Munich journal states that the private property of the late King of Bavaria is valued at 4 000,000 gulden (about £338,000), and that his majesty's will specifies that the whole of this property shall be devoted towards those beneficent objects calculated to promote the common good, which during the life of the king formed his chief care.

SPRING.

"I come, I come—ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass."

☞ An Englishman proposes aerial railway locomotion, or, in other words, balloons fitted up for passengers, which are to be drawn through the air from station to station by ropes worked and drawn in by stationary steam engines. No grading, no rails, no earthly expense to be incurred but for the stations and the balloons!

☞ How capricious are the freaks of the blind goddess of fortune! There now, was the great Marchioness of Bath, who, the other day, was blessed with the birth of a girl. Had it been a boy, the new comer would have been entitled to fifty thousand dollars a year, left by Mr. Botfield, M. P., with that little condition.

☞ The name of God is spelled in four letters in almost every language, thus: In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Aden; Syrian, Adad Persian, Syria; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East Indian, Esgi or Zeni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zent! Japanese, Zein; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Eturian, Cour; Irish, Dich; Arabian, Alfa, &c.

MARY.

[M. E. B.—Sept. 28, 1863.]

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Sweetest name that ever crowned a woman,
Mingling with it the divine and human—
Name with light embalmed since it won a
Sanctifying grace from the Madonna!

All we know of love's ecstatic sweetness,
All we deem of womanhood's completeness,
Pities, hopes, and helpful tendernesses,
To my heart that simple name expresses.

And to me 'tis linked with inward beauty,
Faith in Right and loyalty to Duty,
Gracious household ways and faithful loving,
That rebuke our waywardness and roving.

So, for these, I shrine the name of Mary
In my heart as in a sanctuary—
Shrine it there with every pure emotion
Born of love, of sorrow, or devotion.

Dear for these—but infinitely dearer
For a memory sweeter, sadder, nearer—
All my days with tender twilight shading,
Yet with brightness all my soul pervading.

One to whom that holy name was given
Smiles upon me from her home in heaven;
In my hours of quiet and of dreaming,
Smiles upon me with an angel seeming.

Oh, the treasures of which death bereft us!
Oh, the precious memories God has left us!
Oh, the sorrow in our hearts that dwelleth!
Oh, the joyful faith that there upwelleth!

Through our sobs shall break our glad thanksgiving
That all life seems holier for her living,
And the grave itself the shining portal
Through which passed she to the life immortal.

Home seems hallowed, since her evanescence,
By the sacred memory of her presence,
Shedding evermore the light of beauty
O'er the dark and rugged paths of duty.

For her life was like a glad evangel
With its bright revealings of the angel;
And her death, with solemnizing sweetness,
Gave that life its beautiful completeness.

Thanks to God! His tender benediction
Calms the tumult of our great affliction,
And our eyes, albeit in tearful blindness,
Read the record of His loving kindness—

Fierce, at length, through all the tangled tissues
Of our doubts, to life's sublimer issues,
Till we learn how all things blend benignly
In His plan whose work is wrought divinely.

ALLEN ELLSWORTH'S HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY NELL HAMMOND.

It was a blustering night in March; cold without, but within were light and warmth. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and I sat with folded hands, and the last number of the Atlantic open on my lap. I had been reading, but dropped the book to listen to the wind as it surged in fitful gusts around the house.

Two years before, on just such a night as this, there fell on me the heaviest grief that has ever darkened my life.

My husband, in the pride and strength of his manhood, was taken from me, and in my desolate home I was left to wail over sundered ties, and to face alone the dreary, dreary future which loomed up mockingly before me.

And on this night of which I am writing, my heart was aching with its burden of loneliness, and longing for a pressure of the hand that would never clasp mine again, and the light of fond eyes that never looked coldly into mine.

In these sad thoughts I was fast losing self-control, and with a mighty effort turned the current of my thoughts into the channel of every-day affairs.

"I think I must call on our new neighbor, Mrs. Ellsworth, to-morrow," I said aloud. "What if we should find Mr. Ellsworth to be our old school-mate and friend. Mrs. Wentworth tells me they are from the Empire State."

"What were you saying, Milly?" and my brother glanced up from the paper which had so engrossed his attention, he had not heard my remark. I had repeated it.—"Ah! I was not aware we had new neighbors. I am sure you have not mentioned the fact to me, Milly."

"I know I have not, Will; but I have had so many things to say to you since your return that I have not even thought of them, and I did not learn their name till yesterday."

"Well, I'll make some inquiries to-morrow, and if it is Allen Ellsworth I will make myself known to him; we can't afford to be strangers in *this* country," said Will, and resumed his reading; while I sat idly gazing into the fire.

The name aroused a host of delightful recollections. How vividly it brought to mind my childhood's home—the low brown house half hidden by the luxuriant grape-vine, whose fruit was such a temptation to juvenile fingers from the time it first took on a ripening tinge till it hung in rich and glowing purple clusters amid the dark green leaves.

And the two locust trees, the delight of my young eyes, tossing up their sprays of creamy blossoms to the truant breeze. And pleasanter than all, the family gathering on the long low porch, when the cares of the day were over, and the sky was all aglow with the brightness of sunset. Closely interwoven with these pleasant associations was the memory of our friend Ellsworth—Al, we always called him—who so often made one of our number.

The next morning I equipped myself for a walk down town. It was a beautiful morning, sunny, the air clear and bracing. I walked rapidly, the exercise sending the blood bounding along my veins in a warm, healthful current. As I approached a small white house with an ample yard in front I saw a gentleman standing at the gate. A second glance told me who it was. I should have known him anywhere. I wondered if he would recognize me. I thought not; for I had changed much since we parted years before. I stopped as I came opposite the gate.

"Good morning, Al," I said lightly, as if we had parted but yesterday; and held out my hand. He appeared surprised and bewildered for an instant, then a bright smile broke over his face—the old-time smile which used to make him so handsome, and he grasped my hand and shook it cordially.

"Milly Carlton! is it you, or am I dreaming?" he exclaimed.

"It is Milly, and you are *not* dreaming," I answered.

"I am glad—very glad to see you," he said, as he opened the gate and passed out. "I was just about starting to go down street, so I will walk with you. I have a thousand things to say to you, Milly—you must come and see us."

I interrupted him here.

"So you are married at last. I thought you were determined to live and die a bachelor; however, I am glad you changed your mind. Whom did you marry, any one I knew?"

"No, Milly; I married Cora Brand, a Michigan girl. She will be delighted to see a friend of mine; she has been very lonely since we came to this place."

We walked on, asking and answering questions until our paths diverged.

"I will certainly call on your wife soon," I said at parting, and bade him "good morning."

Very pleasant was the little sitting-room into which I was ushered that bright afternoon, with its crimson curtains, crimson covered lounges and ottomans, and the sunlight falling in flickering brightness on the warm-tinted carpet. And a fair, sweet face had its mistress, Cora Ellsworth; shaded by curls the color of a ripe hazelnut, and eyes of the same hue. I introduced myself, and received a warm welcome.

"Allen has been telling me of you," she said. "I am *very* glad to meet you. We have been here some time, but I have made no acquaintance yet. Is it not strange you and Allen have not met before?"

"It *is*," I replied, "though I have not been out as much as usual this winter. You must have been very lonely here."

"I *have* been—indeed, I have been quite home-sick"—and a slight shadow flitted over the fair face, and hid itself for a moment in the depths of the clear brown eyes—only for a moment, however.

I was so much pleased with the little lady, that my call was much longer than I had intended, and I rose to go.

"You will come and see me now?" I said. "Come at any time, without ceremony. We are going to be the best of friends, you know."

"Yes, indeed; I think we will," she answered, taking both my hands in hers, while tears stood in her beautiful eyes. Involuntarily I bent down and pressed a kiss on the white brow, and vowed in my inmost heart to be as a sister to her.

Time rolled on. April came, with her coquettish smiles and tears, and frequent bursts of petulance came and passed.

Then May—with her timid offering of violets and anemones, her soft breezes and genial sunshine, wooing the bright blossoms forth;—then, with frowns and chilling glances, keeping them in a frightened shiver till her wayward mood had passed.

Then came fairy-footed June—garlands in her hair, and witching smiles in her deep blue eyes; and wherever her footsteps passed, sprang up, as by magic, roses with crimson hearts, golden buttercups, and clover-bloom. On right royally she moved, to the music of the bird-band and the murmur of water-falls.

The acquaintance, begun three months before, ripened into intimacy. If I was at first charmed with Cora Ellsworth, I grew to love her now for her truthfulness and sweet disposition.

As our acquaintance progressed, I noticed at times a shade of sadness on her face, sometimes stealing into the tones of her voice. At length it grew to be habitual. Very seldom was she in a cheerful mood—never joyous. Almost every fine day we were out walking or riding, often into the country. She always seemed happiest when alone with me. That there was trouble between Cora and her husband I could not fail to see, and the cause of it was equally apparent. She had never been a good housekeeper, but I thought it was more from a lack of knowledge and experience than from a desire to shirk any duty or responsibility. I saw with deep regret that she grew more and more careless in the performance of household duties, and in regard to personal appearance.

She displayed exquisite taste in dress, and when arrayed for a ride or walk, or for church, always looked charming. But many times I had seen her at the breakfast table, with hair uncombed, and thrust carelessly back into a net, a soiled wrapper with buttons off and pockets torn down, while the table arrangements were anything but inviting.

I had known Allen from boyhood. He was always scrupulously neat in his attire and habits. Indeed, his mother used often to tell him he was "more nice than wise," though *she* was as neat as need be, and a model housekeeper.

Knowing this, I could well understand how annoying—not to use a stronger term—was this carelessness on the part of his young wife. Like many others, he did not in the least seek to conceal his chagrin and mortification at her shortcomings; so, instead of smiles, there were cross looks and curt answers, widening daily the breach between them. More than once he had so far forgotten himself as to speak harsh, cutting words to her in my presence—words which drove the blood from cheek and lip, and left her white as the faces laid away under the springing grasses; but there was no retort—only a quiver about the compressed lips; and when next she spoke she was calm, her voice even, but very low, as if she feared to trust it.

I loved Cora dearly, notwithstanding her faults; and so longed to help her out of this trouble, which was stealing all joy and gladness from her heart.

One day, immediately after I had taken my dinner, I called in to invite Cora to take a ride with me a short distance into the country. I found them seated at the dinner-table, and knew from their countenances there had been dissension between them.

Sitting down, I made known my errand.

"I would like to go very much," she said, her face brightening.

"You had better stay at home and go to work; you'll find enough to do. There isn't a clean place in the house, nor anything fit to eat;" and with this encouraging remark Allen quitted the table and the house.

Cora burst into tears. He had exaggerated, as people are very apt to do when in a passion, and had wounded her by speaking in such a manner in my presence.

"I am mortified and ashamed, Milly, that you should have witnessed anything like this in our house," she said.

I was fully determined now that she should go; so I bustled around cheerfully, assisting with the work, and very soon we were on the road.

We rode on a mile or two in silence, I turned to make some observation to Cora. She had taken off her hat, and was leaning back in the carriage, gazing up at the blue sky, and soft, fleecy clouds floating lazily along.

Her face was pale, and the shadows in her eyes deeper and darker.

"Cora!" I said; and the words leaped right out of my heart; "can't I help you in your trouble? I wish I could do or say something that would comfort you, and make you happier."

The tears sprang into her eyes now.

"Dear Milly, your society is the only comfort I have, and believe me your love is all that keeps me from utter despair. I am very unhappy; you do not need to be told the cause. Everything has gone wrong with us ever since we were married. We did not *begin* right. I urged Allen to defer our marriage for a year, or until I could perfect myself in the art of housekeeping, but he would not listen to me, saying I could easily learn all that it was necessary for me to know—that such knowledge came naturally to a woman, and that a very little practice would make perfect, &c. I remained at home about a month before we went to housekeeping. For awhile I did the best I could. We were among entire strangers, and there was no one to whom I could go for advice, so I plodded on alone. I could not please my husband in anything. He is very particular about his food, as perhaps you know, and I have never cooked anything to suit him yet. It is always either over or under-done, too sweet or too sour, too salt or too fresh, the coffee too strong or not strong enough, or muddy. In short, fault-finding has become habitual. I have grown hardened, I suppose, for lately I have made but little effort. I have no heart for anything. Many and many a night I have wished I might never behold the morning."

She said this, not passionately, but with a hopeless air, as if she was in very truth weary of the life which had in it so much disappointment and heartache.

"Cora," I said, laying my hand on hers, "I think I can help you if you will try to help yourself. You shall have the benefit of my knowledge and experience as far as it goes; but you must rouse yourself out of this morbid state of mind; it will cost you an effort to conquer the apathy which is stealing over you, but you must do it if you would accomplish anything towards a better and happier life, and you will need more help than any *earthly* friend can give you. Dear child, you have not forgotten how to pray, have you?"

"I'm afraid so, Milly; it is so long since I *dared* to pray. Sometimes when I look back on the old days at home, and remember how happy I was, and the bright anticipations I had of the future, it seems as if my heart would break. My married life has been a bitter disappointment. I know I have done wrong, but if I should do never so well now it would be of no use. Allen will never be to me what he has been in times past; we have gone too far apart ever to dream of happiness again." She was weeping bitterly now.

"Don't say *that*, Cora; don't lose *all* hope and trust in the future. It looks cheerless to you now, but don't despair. You fancy your husband's love for you has died out, but you are mistaken; it is only hidden for a season by pride and seldishness; and sometime, when you come to see with a clearer vision, and have found the only road that leads to true happiness, it will come again to brighten your pathway. Be hopeful, be brave, dear Cora. Do not be discouraged if Allen fails to commend you for any improvement you may make or success you may meet with. Be patient! Thousands of women have lived and died unappreciated. It is a sad life, but, after all, the approval of one's own conscience is worth more than the praise of men. I know how a woman's heart hungers and thirsts for words of approbation from those we love; but we must not 'weary in well-doing,' must not faint nor falter by the way because they are withheld. There's a reward for us in 'the world that sets this right.'"

We did not drive far—neither were in the mood to enjoy fully the beauty of the day, so I turned our horse's head homeward. I set Cora down at the little white gate.

"Pray for me, Milly," she said, as she held my hand at parting, and there was a world of entreaty in eye and voice. "God helping me I will do the right."

The days glided on through sultry August into September. I will not weary you, my reader, with a detail of the changes wrought in Allen Ellsworth's house in those six weeks. Cora toiled patiently and perseveringly; seeking constantly Divine assistance, with *that* she could not fail. But I saw with sorrow and indignation that her husband seemed indifferent as ever. I could see how she longed for a return of the old tenderness, or at least a word of encouragement. He did not find so much fault as formerly—he *could not*. Cora had improved wonderfully in every respect, but he did not seem to notice the pains she took to please him—the care she manifested for his comfort. I was sitting on the west porch one fine morning with my sewing thinking of all this.

"His conduct is unnatural and inexplicable," I thought; and I was so indignant that I thought aloud. "Never mind, I'll wake him up one of these days if I have a chance."

I had not long to wait for one. In less than half an hour I saw him coming in at the gate. He sauntered slowly up the walk, answering my "good morning" with a smile and bend of head; and sitting down on the step below me, took off his straw hat, and ran his fingers carelessly through the moist rings of hair clustering on a forehead white as a woman's.

"I called in to say 'good-by,' Milly," he said. "I have taken a job in Grafton, which will keep me from home five or six weeks, perhaps longer. How nice and cosy you always look here," he added, after a pause.

"I have a very pleasant home," I replied. "I think I could not be as contented anywhere else. It is no pleasanter though than yours will be to you when you have been in it long enough to feel at home. Indeed, I think yours a much finer location. And, by the way, there has been a decided improvement made in your front yard within a week; I was passing last evening, but had not time to call."

"Yes," he replied, "it *does* look a little better. Cora has been trying to straighten things out generally, in doors and out. It won't amount to much; in less than six weeks everything will look as bad as ever. She has brightened up wonderfully within the last few weeks, but I expect she will be back in the old track again before long."

"Do you ever try to encourage or help her along?" I asked.

"What do you mean? I provide a home, food and clothing; and all she has to do is to take care of it; it is a woman's business. What more can I do?"

"Shall I tell you?" I asked again.

"Yes," he replied, "I should like to know."

"You can notice kindly any improvement she may make, either in doors or out, and give her an encouraging word when you see she has tried to please you in anything. You can avoid finding fault with her for every little thing she neglects to do or does wrongly. You can take an interest in whatever interests her, and treat her with the forbearance and gentleness due a wife—in short, you can be to her somewhat of all you promised to be when you took her from home and friends, and brought her among strangers. You ought to be to her such a loving, tender husband, such a kind counsellor and dear friend, that she should scarcely miss a father's care and a mother's love. But you *are not*. Your conscience will tell you *that*. Cora is easily discouraged—she cannot endure neglect, and needs a warm, true heart and a strong arm to help her through this world. Thank God! she has turned over a new leaf. There will be many mistakes at first, and a good many tears shed in consequence; but there will be no wavering nor turning back. I'll vouch for her. So if your home is not henceforth as pleasant and happy a one as can be found on this sinful earth, you will have no one to blame but yourself."

I glanced at him to note the effect of my words; but save a slight flushing of the brow and compression of the lips, his face did not betray his thoughts. He rose and held out his hand.

"I am obliged to you for your lecture, Milly; I don't think I shall forget it. You are my *friend*, else I am afraid I should not have listened so calmly to it," and he was gone.

One evening near the middle of September, I received a telegram from a distant city, summoning me to my brother's bedside. He had been gone from home two months. My preparations were quickly made, and long before daylight I was on my way. I left a note for Cora, explaining my abrupt departure, and promising to write her soon.

It was nearly two months before my brother was able to be taken home. We proceeded thither by slow and easy stages, arriving late at night.

Before we had risen from our late breakfast the next morning Cora came in. She shook hands with brother Will, expressing her pleasure at seeing him home again, and looking so well.

"Milly! dear, dear Milly, I can't tell you how glad I am to see your dear face once more."

How full of life and health she was. Her cheeks were glowing, and eyes sparkling. I looked down into their clear depths—there was no shadow there now—thank God! You may go the wide world over, and you'll not find a happier home than is Allen Ellsworth's to-day.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

I.

Say, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its life-blood cold—its heart can beat no more,—
Its little eyes, 'erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er,—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

II.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hard-fought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

III.

Say, when, the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and loves decay,
Life's evening closes, and in Heaven awaits
A brighter day,—
Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

IV.

Say, when the heart is fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives,—
Say, what is this?
Ah! this is truly death!

E. H.

"A CROWNING IN."

A Story of the Mining District of England

About five years ago I accepted an invitation to spend Christmas with a friend living in South Staffordshire, England. He was an iron master of considerable position, and, finding it necessary to live in the neighborhood of his business, had built a house near to his works, and taken thither his young wife, who was a cousin of mine, in the early part of the year. I had never even passed through the county, and had no idea of its aspect, and only looked forward to a pleasant week with my friends.

Professional engagements kept me in London till late in the afternoon of the 24th of December, and in the early twilight of that winter day I began my journey. There was a bitter hard frost, the clouds gathering blackly seemed to promise a heavy fall of snow before morning, and I was much annoyed to find that the only train I could take was a slow one, stopping at every station. However, it was no use to complain; and wrapping myself up as warmly as possible in my rug, I composed myself for sleep soon after we started, and was fortunate enough to have an undisturbed slumber of some length.

When I awoke it was to a novel sight. On either side were the huge furnace fires of the black country shedding a lurid light far into the darkness; and the heaps of refuse, which looked grey and dead in the daylight, were now so many glowing hillocks of red-hot embers. It was more like a dream than any waking sight I had ever had; and more like a vision of purgatory, or even a worse place, than like a dream. The train stopped, and upon inquiring the name of the station, I found that I had passed the station of ——, where I ought to have left the train, and where my friend had arranged to meet me with a carriage. Considerably vexed, I took up my carpet-bag and asked if I could have a conveyance to take me to my friend's house; but the place was little more than a village, and nothing of the kind could be had. The station-master informed me, in answer to my impatient inquiries, that Mr. —— lived about three miles off, and, giving me some directions as to the route, of which, being a stranger, I could make nothing, left me to take my chance.

I walked out of the station and then stood still irresolutely, somewhat bewildered by the strangeness and peculiarity of all that I saw, and dazzled by the strong effect of light and shade, the glare from the huge fires contrasting so sharply with the blackness of the night. I looked at my watch and found that it was just eight o'clock.

At this moment a man passed, and I asked him if he could direct me to the house of Mr. ——. He turned at the sound of my voice, and, pointed vaguely into the darkness, said it "lay over there."

"But I don't know the country at all," I said. "I was never here before, and I cannot find my way unless you tell me something more."

"Oh, if you're a stranger," he answered somewhat roughly, "you won't find it easy. You're come to the wrong station for the nearest."

"I know that," I said; "I have made a mistake."

"If that's it," he replied, more good-humoredly, "come along with me. I'm goin' a good step o' the same way, and I'll show you as far as I can."

I accepted the offer of companionship gratefully, and we walked quickly on—now in the glare, now in the darkness, till we came to a small gate, which opened upon the canal path. It looked so dismal and dreary as far as it could be seen, and was so impenetrably dark where it could not, that I shrank from walking along the towing-path with the contingency of walking into the water.

"Is there no other way than this?" I asked.

"Ay, there's another; but it's longer. Are you scared o' this?" was the reply.

"Well, no, not exactly," I said, hesitating; "but I was never in this neighborhood before, and of course it does not look to me as it does to you, who have lived here all your life. "But," I added, seeing that my companion had passed through the gate, and following his example, "if you say that this is the best way, we'll take it."

"I've not lived here all my life," he said, replying to the first part of my sentence, "and I wish to God I'd never come near it!"

I was startled by the earnestness and evident sincerity with which the words were uttered, and turned to look at the speaker; we were in the glare now, and he could be seen quite plainly. A common-place looking man enough, about forty years of age, his insignificant features deeply marked by the small-pox, and begrimed with soot and coal dust. His dress was dirty fustian. There was nothing remarkable about him in any way; and I concluded that he was disappointed in wages, or had given up something better for his present occupation, whatever that might be. He was silent now; and though I wished to know why he had spoken his regret so earnestly, I could not very well ask him, and so tried to draw him into conversation.

"Are wages good about here?" I asked.

"Ay, they're well enough if you work well," he said sullenly; "they're the same here as in most places; you earn what you get, and you get what you earn."

"Who do you work for?" I went on.

He named the friend whom I was going to visit.

"Is he a good master?"

"He's like th' rest, a hard 'un. Set his mind on makin' his fortun' sharp, I reckon, and gettin' out o' this cussed place."

"I suppose you'd do the same if you were he?" I suggested.

"Like enough," he assented.

By this time we had left the canal side, and were walking in a narrow lane, along which ran a single tramway, and by the side of which were some of the poorest cottages, or rather hovels, I had ever seen; most of them, however, were dimly lighted, and from some came rough sounds of merriment and holiday making.

My guide stopped before the door of one of the cottages which was in complete darkness, and turning to me, said:

"If you keep right on for half a mile, and then take th' road to th' left, you can't miss th' house."

"Are you not going any farther?" I asked, rather anxiously, for I greatly disliked the idea of walking on alone.

"No," he said, bluntly, taking a key from his jacket pocket, and putting it into the lock of the door; "I'm at home."

"If you will show me the rest of the way I shall be much obliged," I said, at the same time slipping half-a-crown into his left hand; "and no one seems to be waiting for you."

He would not take the coin, but replacing the key in his pocket, moved forward, saying:

"No, there's no one a waitin' for me."

The tone in which he echoed my words was one of such profound sadness, that I

was much struck by it, and a moment after he continued:

"No, there's no one a waitin' for me; that there cottage is as empty as it is dark, there's no fire in it, and no welcome; there's no wife, nor no children; there's naught there to mak' a home of but th' four bare walls."

"You should marry," I said, cheerfully, "then you would have a wife to welcome you, and children in time, perhaps. At any rate you'd have a fire and a light."

"But I had 'em all once," he went on, not heeding my interruption; "a good wife, an' three children, an' I lost 'em all this night a year sin'. It's Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Lost!" I repeated, much shocked; "what did they die of?"

"Ay, lost 'em; they didn't to call die."

"Will you tell me about it?" I asked, much interested.

"This day last 'ear it was like as it is now, on'y frostier, an' blacker, an' darker. I come home fro' work at five o'clock, an' it was pitch dark by then. We lived i' that same cottage, an' my wife had made it as tidy as a palace—she was a rare clean 'un—all ready for Christmas Day, an' th' pudden was ready for boilin'; an' when we'd had tea she foun' out that candles was forgot and wanted; there was on'y the piece o' one that was burnin'. There's th' shop close by there," and he indicated the direction by pointing with his thumb over his shoulder; "an' she thought no harm o' sendin' th' youngest child—she was six 'ear old, and sharper nor any needle I ever saw—to fetch 'em. She didn't come back as soon as she might ha' done, an' we sent th' next 'un—she was close upon eight—after her; for tho' it were as dark as a dog's mouth, we thought no harm, th' shop were close to, an' them knowing the road so well.

"She didn't come back no more nor th' first, an' we said what we'd do when they did come, playin' away out i' the dark, and the night so cold; an' when it come that they'd been gone nigh upon half an hour, Jack—that was the eldest of all—said he'd go an bring 'em in. He stopped away too, till we was tired o' waitin', an' th' wife says, 'Drat them children; let 'em get a playin' an' they never think nothin' o' no errands; but I'll fetch 'em in, an' warm 'em too,' and she puts her shawl over her head an' off she goes. She didn't shut th' door fast, or th' wind bursted it open, and I goes to shut it, an' just then I thought I heerd a scream in her voice, and as she wasn't a screetchy sort o' woman, it give me a kind o' turn. I clapt th' candle end into an old lantern as we had, and off I went to see if I really had heerd anything.

"It were hawful dark outside, not a moon nor a star, and I right searched along the ground, holdin' out th' lantern to show a light where I were goin', an' well I did. About twenty yard fro' the cottage I found out all 'bout it. They'd been a crowain' in, and down they was all gone, wife, an' Jack, an' th' two other children; an' there was me standin' on th' edge wi' th' lantern, lookin' for what wasn't to be seen, for th' crowain' in was deeper than any one knows, an' I never saw no more of all o' them that had been at tea wi' me—so happy and pleasant."

I vaguely apprehended the catastrophe, and though my ignorance of the meaning of the words "crowning in" prevented my understanding it fully, the man's voice and manner touched me to the heart.

"What is a 'crowning in?'" I asked.

"Why," he explained, "this 'ere country's all underminded wi' pits an' workin's, and sometimes the earth goes in atop, and makes a big hole; that's a 'crowain' in.'"

I comprehended the horror fully now.

"Does such a thing happen often?" I asked at length.

"I've heerd on it many times. Sometimes it's under a 'ouse, an' it all goes down; but this o' mine was the worst I know."

"What did you do?" I questioned.

"There wasn't nothin' could be done, and I went back to th' cottage to think about it. The neighbors was all very good to me, an' some of 'em bided wi' me all the night; an' when daylight come we went to look once again, but day or night all was dark there; and the last I ever see of my wife, an' Jack, an' the other children, was them goin' out for th' candles, one after another, an' her fetchin' 'em in."

His voice broke as he spoke the last words, and I saw him wipe his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket. I felt a rising in my own throat such as I had not known for long. A minute after he went on quietly:

"An' the next day were Christmas Day. A good woman as lives near had boiled the pudden, an' brought it an' set it afore me an' I tried to eat, but nothing never went nigher to chokin' a man nor what that did me. I thought so of 'em all—an' Jack, that was such a hand at a pudden—an' I got up, an' took it in to th' neighbor as had brought it, an' stood an' watched her children eat it; an' then I went back to the empty cottage, an' cried out aloud, the biggest, bitterest tears, till I were as weak as a child; an' then I lighted up my pipe, an' smoked it all alone."

"And were the bodies never found?" I asked.

"No, they was never found; there was no buryin', nor nothing. P'raps there was water at th' bottom, an' their dead bodies was drownded; p'raps it was dry an' hard, an' they was dashed to bits. I've thought on it every way at one time or another, but nothing was seen no more. Take that turn, sir," he said, suddenly resuming his old tone, "an' it'll take you right to the 'ouse. Good-night, sir," and before I could thank him, he was lost in the darkness. A. M.

"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN."

"'Tis always the darkest, the hour before dawn." —*Old Proverb.*

The darkness fell around me,
No star shone out to light,
As on my lonely way I sped
Upon that winter's night,
Within my soul the shadows fell,
More dark than those without,
And made my sinking heart to beat
With many an anxious doubt;
And with each step that still more near
To my loved home led on,
I felt the power of that dark hour—
The hour before the dawn.

That home I dreamed of nightly
Through many an exiled year;
Those treasures of my roof-tree,
My yearning heart held dear—
Hath Sorrow been amongst them?
Hath Death some loved one reft?
Or should I find, secure and bright,
Each jewel that I left?
And thus, in painful musing,
The night wore slowly on,
Till the darkest hour of all was past—
The hour before the dawn.

The first grey streak of morning
Now broke upon the night,
And from the heavens, and from my soul,
The shadows put to flight.
Lo! in the reddening sunshine
My home once more I see;
And twittering birds beneath the eaves
Are chirping merrily.
In fond caress each form I press,
And own—my fears now gone—
The darkest hour is still the last—
The hour before the dawn.

Lord! through a world of darkness,
Far from our heavenly home,
No light to guide our footsteps,
Lost in the maze we roam;
But when the gloom is deepest,
And Hope herself seems dead,
And Faith no more supports us,
And all but Love is fled—
Lo! like the light of morning,
Christ's pitying love hath shone,
And turned to light the deeps of night—
The hour before the dawn.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HARLEY STREET.

While I was thus passing my time at Fairburn, at work with my tutor, in rides rendered doubly lonesome by contrast with those made so enjoyable by the company of my friend, or in rambles about the solitary Chase, the course of true love was running more smoothly in Harley street than it is fabled to do. During each of my visits there I had perceived its silent increase even more clearly than those between whom it was growing up into the perfect flower, leaf by leaf and bud by bud; they had tended it together—Marmaduke and Lucy—until it was well nigh in blossom, and yet they had not said to one another, and perhaps not even to themselves, "Why, this is surely Love." Mr. Gerard had watched it, not displeased, for he had found the young man all that my heart had foretold that he would; Mr. Clint had seen it, and, won by the strong sense as much as by the beauty of the gentle girl, forgot the revolutionary stock of which she came. This, thought he, is the wife for Marmaduke Heath; tender, but yet determined; dutiful, but indisposed to submit to unauthorized dictation; as fearless as kind. In her, once wedded to this young man, so morbid, so sensitive, so yielding, Sir Massingberd would find, if it should be necessary, not only a foe, resolute herself, but as firm as steel for him whom she had dowered with her love. What Marmaduke's nature wanted, hers would supply. The keen lawyer foresaw for that unhappy family, whose interests he and his had had in keeping so many score of years, a future such as had never been promised before. It was an admission painful enough to me at that time, but which I could not conceal from myself, that the real obstacle which prevented the open recognition of attachment between these two young people was Marmaduke himself. No girl more modest or less forward than Lucy Gerard ever breathed, but I knew—ah! how well I knew—that a word from him would have brought the love light to her eyes, which now lay waiting but for it in the careful keeping of her maiden heart. But that word had not been spoken. Perfect love Marmaduke did not yet feel, for he had not yet cast out fear. How can a man offer heart and hand to a woman whom he does not feel certain that he can protect? It is for this reason that marriage among slaves must forever be a mockery. There was, of course, no danger to Lucy Gerard in her marrying with Marmaduke, although his uncle should storm "no" a thousand times; but the young man felt that he was unworthy of her, while he entertained any terror of him. It was wearing away; it was weakening day by day, through genial influences, and the absence of all things which reminded him of Fairburn and its master, but it was not dead yet. If, by these words, I lead any of my readers to suppose that Marmaduke Heath had the least resemblance to that thing which is called a Coward, I have done my friend a grievous wrong. Let me do away with the possibility of this most mistaken notion at once and forever, by the recital of an event which, although it does not come within the scope of the present narrative, nearly concerns one of its most important characters.

After the peace in 1815, there were more officers—English and French—killed in single combat in Paris than in any one of the most bloody battles of the late war. This desire to exterminate individual Englishmen extended over the whole of France. A certain gentleman of my acquaintance, then a very young man, chanced to be passing through a town in Normandy, where an assemblage was collected outside the office of the mayor. This arose from the very uncommon circumstance that that functionary had been appealed to by a post-captain in the English navy to punish a bullying Frenchman, who had striven to fasten a quarrel upon him, although entirely unprovoked on his part. Now-a-days the captain would have been held to have behaved rightly enough, perhaps, but in those fire-eating times an honest man's life was at the mercy of every worthless ruffian who chose to run an equal risk with him from powder and bullet. The decision, wonderful to relate, was given by the mayor against his compatriot, and the crowd were correspondingly enraged. My friend, whose nationality was apparent, was hustled and ill-treated, and one person, well dressed, and evidently of good position, knocked his hat off, observing at the same time:

"You will complain of me to the mayor for that."

"Certainly not," returned the young Englishman quietly, picking his hat up, all broken and muddy from the trampled ground; "I shall treat you very differently."

"You will fight, will you? Come—I challenge you. Let us fight to-morrow morning," exclaimed the bully, who was, as it turned out, a notorious provincial duellist.

"Not to-morrow, but now," rejoined my friend. "I have no time to wait here, for I must be in Paris on Tuesday."

"Then it will be in Pere la Chaise," responded the other brutally.

There was no difficulty in procuring seconds, which were even more plentiful in those parts than principals, and the whole party immediately left the town for a wood outside its suburbs. The choice of weapons of course lay with the Englishman.

"Which do you prefer?" asked the Frenchman who acted as his friend upon the occasion—"the pistol or the sword?"

"I have never fired a pistol in my life," replied the Englishman, "nor handled a sword."

"Heavens!" cried his second, "what a barbarous education!—what a stupendous ignorance! You are as good as dead, I fear. I know not which to recommend you. It is, however, at least sooner over with the pistol."

"The pistol be it, then," said the Englishman coolly. "I elect that only one shall be loaded, and that we fire within four paces of one another. We shall then have an equal chance."

The duellist turned pale as the death that threatened him, but he did not venture to make any objection. It was manifest no other proposal would have been fair. The seconds went apart, and placed powder and ball in one weapon, powder only in the other. The combatants drew lots for choice. The Frenchman won. The pistols were lying on a log of wood; he advanced towards them, took one up in his hand, and retired with it; then once more came back, and exchanged it for the other. He fancied that the weapon was lighter than it should have been if it had a ball within it. My friend's second objected strongly to this course; he called it even unfair and shameful; he protested that the pistol taken first ought to be retained. But the young Englishman, who was leaning carelessly against a tree, exclaimed:

"Let the gentleman have which he likes. Whether he is right or not will be decided in a few seconds."

So the combatants were placed opposite to one another, and advanced to within four paces. They raised their weapons, the word was given to fire, and the Frenchman fell, pierced through the heart.

"His blood is upon his own head," exclaimed the other solemnly. "He was brave enough to have been a better man." Then perceiving that his help could be of no avail to his late antagonist, he lifted his battered hat to the Frenchman that remained alive, and, returning to his carriage, immediately resumed his journey.

It is not possible, without putting some very strained and unusual meaning on the word, to call the hero of such an adventure a coward; yet the man who acted thus was Marmaduke Heath.

The above relation is but a clumsy method of proving him courageous, I am well aware; but I really know not otherwise how to make him appear so, slave, as it is seen he was, to terrors which must seem almost imaginary. It is said that no man, however fearless, quite gets over his awe of his schoolmaster. An exaggeration of this sentiment probably possessed this unfortunate young man; added to which was the fact that Sir Massingberd was his uncle, a family tie which was doubtless not without its influence, notwithstanding Marmaduke's evil opinion of his forbears. I suspect, too, he entertained a morbid notion that his own life and that of his relative were somehow bound up together in one; and on the few occasions when I ever saw him moved to wrath, a similarity, mental as well as physical, between him and his uncle became apparent, which actually inspired him with a sort of awe and hatred *of himself*. A noble mind more injured and misshapen by ill-training it was impossible to imagine. For the last few months, however, as I have said, it had been growing aright, and gaining strength and vigor. No home—even Mr. Clint and my tutor felt that—could possibly be better adapted for him than his present one; the society of Mr. Gerard, a man independent almost to audacity, and despising the haughty and the strong with a supreme contempt, was the very tonic he needed. Rarely, however, was his uncle's name mentioned in his presence; at first, Mr. Gerard had purposely spoken of Sir Massingberd lightly and jestingly, but it was found that the subject had better be altogether avoided. It is ill to jest upon earthquakes with one who, having but just recovered from certain shocks of a volcanic nature, is not without apprehensions of more to come. This anticipation turned out to be but too well grounded. A day or two after my discovery of the baronet's poor gipsy-wife at Fairburn, whose existence was well known, I found, to both the rector and Mr. Clint, and of course to Marmaduke himself, the postman carried misfortune from me to Harley street, although I was myself as unconscious of the fact as he. Marmaduke did not come in to luncheon from his study as usual, and Mr. Gerard was sent with a gay message to him by Lucy, to bid him do so. He was not wanted, he was to be assured, upon his own account, at all, but she was dying to hear news of Peter, whose handwriting she had perceived upon the letter that had been sent into him that morning. Mr. Gerard found the poor lad with his eyes riveted upon an autograph that was not mine, and upon words that I would rather have cut off my hand than knowingly have sent him:—

"NEPHEW MARMADUKE—I am told, whether falsely or not, it does not matter now, that you have not seen the letter which I previously sent to you. I think you can scarcely have done so, or you would not have dared to disobey my orders therein contained, but would have returned to Fairburn long ago. At all events, you will read *this* with your own eyes, and Beware how you hesitate to comply with it. *Return hither, sir, at once.* It is idle to suppose that I wish you harm, as those you are with would fain persuade you; but it is far worse than idle to attempt to cross my will. Come back to Fairburn, and I will behave towards you as though you had not acted in your late undutiful manner. Delay to do so, and be sure that you will still have to return, but under very different circumstances. Marmaduke Heath, you should know me well by this time. When I say Come, it is bad for the person to whom I speak to reply 'I will not come.' I give you twenty-four hours to arrive here after the receipt of this letter; when these have elapsed without my seeing you, I shall consider your absence to be equivalent to a contumacious refusal. Then war will begin between us; and the strife will be unequal, Nephew Marmaduke; although you had *fifty* men at your back like Lawyer Clint and this man Gerard, they could not keep you from my arm. It will reach you wheresoever you are, at the time you least suspect it, and from the quarter to which you have least looked. However well it may seem to be with you, it will not be well. When you think yourself safest, you will be most in danger. There is indeed but one place of safety for you; come you home. MASSINGBERD HEATH."

The wily baronet had fooled me, and doubtless, when I rose to light the taper, had substituted the above letter for that which he had persuaded me to enclose to his unhappy nephew.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE THE BLOW.

As yet in ignorance of the mischief which I had unwittingly done to my dearest friend, I could not but wonder why I received no news from Harley street. I had confessed to Mr. Long what Sir Massingberd had persuaded me to do, and although he had thought me wrong to have acted without consulting him in the matter, he anticipated no evil consequences. He rather sought to laugh me out of my own forebodings and presentiments. Still there was this somewhat suspicious corroboration of them, that the new-born courtesies of our formidable neighbor had suddenly ceased, as though the end for which they had been used was already attained. The baronet's manner towards us was as surly as ever, and even a trifle more so, as if to recompense himself for his previous constrained politeness. To myself, his manner was precisely that of a man who does not attempt to conceal his contempt for one whom he has duped. Since Marmaduke's departure, there had gone forth various decrees, injunctions, and what not, from the Court of Chancery, obtained, doubtless, through Mr. Clint, on behalf of the heir-presumptive, against certain practices of Sir Massingberd connected with the estate. Formerly, he had done what he chose, not only with "his own," but with what was not his own, in the eye of the law. But Marmaduke's reversionary rights were now strictly protected. Not a tree in the Park could fall beneath the axe, but the noise thereof reached the Chancellor's ears, and brought down reproof, and even threats, upon the incensed baronet. His hesitation to institute proceedings for the recovery of his ward, had given confidence to his opponents; and Mr. Harvey Gerard was not one to suffer the least wrong to be committed with impunity; it was out of his pocket that the expenses came for the edicts necessary to enforce compliance, and I have heard him say that he never remembered to have spent any money with greater personal satisfaction.

The "thinning of the timber" (as Sir Massingberd euphoniously termed cutting down the most ornamental trees, in his excusatory despatches) having been put a stop to, the Squire took to selling the family plate. A quantity of ancient silver, with the astonished Griffins upon it, was transferred from the custody of Gilmore to that of certain transmuters of metal in town, and came back again to Fairburn Hall in the shape of gold pieces. But even the melting-pot was compelled to disclose its secrets, and the Squire received such a severe reprimand upon the text of Heir-looms, as made him writhe with passion, and which put an end to any friendly connection that might have before existed between himself and John, Lord Eldon, at once and forever. I think it must have been immediately after the receipt of that very communication, that Sir Massingberd came over to the Rectory upon the following errand: Mr. Long and myself were at our Tacitus in the study one evening, when the baronet was announced, and I rose to leave the room.

"Stay where you are, young gentleman," said he roughly; "what I have to say will, it is like enough, soon be no secret to anybody. Mr. Long, I must tell you at once that money I must have. The way in which my property is meddled with by the lawyer in London, set on to do it by friends of yours, too, is beyond all bearing. I declare to you that I—Sir Massingberd Heath, the nominal owner of twenty thousand acres, and of a rent-roll of half as many thousand pounds—have not five guineas in my pocket at this moment, nor do I know how to raise them. Now, am I man, think you, to sit down with my hands before me, and submit to such a state of things as this?"

"Really, Sir Massingberd, I cannot say," returned my tutor; "I cannot see how I can help you in any way."

"Yes, you *can* help me, sir. You have influence with those persons—curse them!—who have taken it in hand to do me these injuries, who have interfered between uncle and nephew, between guardian and ward. Now, I have made up my mind what I will do, and I am come here to let you know it. You pretend to entertain some regard towards your late pupil Marmaduke."

"The regard is genuine, Sir Massingberd. I wish others entertained the like, who are more nearly connected with him than by the bond of pupil and tutor."

"Pray, put me out of the question," returned the baronet coolly. "What I have to say concerns others, not myself. You like this lad, and wish him well; you hope for him an unclouded future; you trust that the character of the family will be redeemed in his virtuous hands, and that the remembrance of what it has been will not cleave to him, but will gradually die out."

"That is my earnest desire," replied Mr. Long gravely.

"I am glad to hear it," continued the other; "and I suppose Mr. Clint cherishes some similar notion; and this man Gerard—this rebel, this hypocrite—"

"Sir Massingberd Heath," said I, interrupting him, "you have bidden me stay here; but I shall not remain to listen to slanders against Mr. Harvey Gerard; he is no hypocrite, but a very honest and kind-hearted man."

"He has hoodwinked this young wiseacre already, you see," pursued the baronet. "His object is evidently to secure the heir of Fairburn for his daughter; I have not the least doubt the jade is making play with the poor molly-coddle as fast as—"

Mr. Long and myself both rose before the speaker could finish his sentence. My tutor checked with his finger the wrathful words that were at my lips, and observed with energy:

"Sir Massingberd, be silent! Under my roof, you shall not traduce that virtuous and excellent young girl."

I never saw Mr. Long so excited; I never admired him so much. The baronet paused, as though hesitating whether it was worth while to indulge himself in uttering insults; I am thankful to say he decided that it was not. It would have been pollution to Lucy Gerard's name to have heard it spoken by such lips.

"Well, well," returned he, "I have nothing to say against the young woman. It is probable, however, you will allow, that some attachment may arise between herself and my nephew. You grant that, do you? Ah, I thought so. In that case, Mr. Gerard would prefer the husband of his daughter to be free from all stain. Good! There are three persons then, at least, all interested in my nephew's good name. Now, listen: you know something, parson, of the mode of life pursued by the Heaths from generation to generation; you know something of the deeds that have been committed at Fairburn Hall. What is known, however, is honorable and harmless compared to what is *not* known; the vices which you have shuddered at are mere follies—the offspring of idleness and high spirits, compared to those of which you have yet to hear."

It is impossible to imagine a more repulsive spectacle than this man presented, exulting not only in his own wickedness, but in that of his forefathers. He took from his pocket a huge manuscript, and thus proceeded:

"The records of the House of Heath are red with blood, and black with crime. I hold them in my hand here, and they are very pretty reading. Now, look you, I will leave them here for your perusal, parson—they have at least this attraction in them, that they are true—and when you have made yourself master of the contents, perhaps you can recommend to me a publisher."

"Is it possible," cried my tutor, "that you can do this dreadful wrong, at once to ancestors and descendant? Have you no mercy even for kith and kin? Do you dare to defy God and man alike?"

"I dare publish that pamphlet, unless I have money," quoth Sir Massingberd, scornfully, "and that is the sole question with which we need now concern ourselves. A pretty welcome young Sir Marmaduke will meet with when he comes into the country among all who know his family history. As for me, my character is one which is not likely to suffer from any disclosure."

"Are all the murders done and attempted set down here, Sir Massingberd?" inquired my tutor, taking up the pamphlet. "The catalogue of crime is truly frightful; but you do not seem to have brought the narrative down to the most recent dates."

"The most recent dates?" reiterated the baronet, mechanically.

"Yes, sir," responded my tutor; "the history is evidently incomplete. If it should come out in its present form, it would need an appendix. I would scarcely recommend you to run the risk of another person publishing a continuation. You had better take it home, and reconsider the matter."

The baronet affected to receive this advice in earnest, and retired, foiled and furious.* He never more set foot in the Rectory, save twice; once when he called upon me, and persuaded me to forward that hateful letter to Marmaduke, and again upon the occasion I am about to describe. The errand he then came upon was of small consequence, but the circumstance I shall never forget. After-events have made it one of the most memorable in my life, for it was the last time—save one—that I ever beheld Massingberd Heath. Little did I think what a mystery was then impending—so frightful, so unexampled, that it now seems almost strange that it did not visibly overshadow that giant form, that ruthless face. If we could thus read the future of others, how fearful would be many a meeting which is now so conventional and common-place! It is true that we should always part, both from friends and from enemies, in some sort as though we were parting with them for the last time; but how different a leave-taking would it be, if we were indeed assured that they and we would meet no more upon this side the grave! How I should have devoured that man with mine eyes, had I known that they would not again behold him—save one awful once—before we should both stand together in the presence of God! What terrors, what anxieties, what enigmas were about to be brought to us and to others by the morrow's sun! Yet, at the time, with what little things we occupied ourselves! It was in the morning that Sir Massingberd paid his visit, in a morning of early November, when the first sharp frost had just set in. He came about money-matters, as usual. We were surprised to see him, because, as I have said, he had relapsed into his accustomed stern unsociable habits, and had seemed to have given up all attempts to gain any furtherance of his plans from Mr. Long. He had called, he said, about a matter that affected the parson himself, or he would not have troubled him. Certain Methodists had offered him twenty pounds a year as the ground-rent of a chapel to be built upon the outskirts of the Park, and within view of the Rectory windows. For his part, he

* Years afterwards, I became possessed of the pamphlet in question, which, having glanced at, I very carefully committed to the flames. I do not doubt, however, that Sir Massingberd would have carried his threat into execution, had not Mr. Long's menace shaken his purpose.

hated the Methodists; and had no sort of wish to offend Mr. Long by granting their prayer. Still, being grievously in want of money had come to say that if Mr. Clint could not be induced to give him some pecuniary help, that the chapel must be built.

My tutor, who had a very orthodox abhorrence of all dissent, and especially when it threatened his own parish, was exceedingly disturbed by this intelligence.

"What!" cried he; "you preach to your nephew doctrines of Conservatism, Sir Massingberd, and yet are induced, for a wretched bribe, to let a nest of sectaries be built in the very avenue of your Park!"

"It is terrible indeed," quoth the baronet drily; "but they might set it up opposite my front door for an extra five-pound note. I announce their offer solely on your account. They call on me to-morrow for my final decision, and I cannot afford to say 'No.' Now, you can do what you please with Mr. Clint, and may surely represent to him that this is a case where twenty pounds may be well expended. The matter will thus be staved off for a year at least; and next year, you know, I may be in better circumstances—or dead, which many persons would greatly prefer."

"Certainly," returned my tutor gravely, "I will do my best with Mr. Clint; but in the meantime, rather than let this chapel be built, I will advance the money you mention at my own risk. I happen to have a considerable sum in the house at present, which I intend to lodge with the bank at Crittenden to-morrow. So you shall have the notes at once."

"That is very fortunate," said the baronet, coolly; and Mr. Long counted them out into his hand—twenty ragged, dirty, evil-smelling one-pound notes, for the imitation of the like of which half-a-dozen men were at that time often strung up in front of Old Bailey together. From 82,961 to 82,980 the numbers ran, which, albeit I am no great hand at recollecting such things, I shall remember from what followed as long as I live. I can see the grim Squire now as he rolls them tightly up, and places them in that huge, lapelled waistcoat-pocket; as he slaps it with his mighty hand, as though he would defy the world to take them from him, however unlawfully acquired; as he leaves the room with an insolent nod, and clangs across the iron road with his nailed shoes.

I watch him through the Rectory window, as, ere he puts the key in his garden-door, he casts a chance look-up at the sky. He looks to see what will happen on the morrow. Does he read nothing save Continuance of Fine and Frosty Weather? Nothing. All is blue and clear as steel; not a cloud to be seen the size of a man's hand from north to south, from east to west. There is no warning to be read in the cold and smiling Heaven; no '*Mene, mene,*' for this worse than Belshazzar on its broad cerulean wall!

CHAPTER XX.

LOST.

The morning subsequent to Sir Massingberd's visit to the Rectory was bright, but intensely cold. I was very particular about my shaving in those days, and would not have dispensed with that manly exercise upon any account; but I remember that the frost made it a difficult process. In the course of the ceremony, Mrs. Myrtle, who was a very privileged person, knocked softly at my door. A visit from her at such a time was unusual, but not unprecedented. I said: "Pray, come in." My attire was tolerably complete, and perhaps I was not indisposed to let people know what tremendous difficulties were entailed upon a gentleman by the possession of an obstinate beard. I was not prepared for her closing the door behind her, sinking into the nearest chair, and fanning herself, as though it had been midsummer, with her outspread fingers. I looked at her with a face all soap-suds and astonishment.

"My dear Mrs. Myrtle, what is the matter?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Master Peter," cried she, although she had come for no other purpose than to be cross-questioned. "Oh, pray don't, for it's more nor I can bear. Dearey me, if I ain't all of a twitter!"

"Nothing the matter with your master," said I, "surely? I saw him out of the window a little while ago on the lawn, talking to one of the under-keepers of the Hall."

"I dare say you did, sir," quoth Mrs. Myrtle, with one of those aggravated shudders which are generally produced by the anticipation of senna and salts. "No, master's all well, thank Heaven."

"No bad news from Harley Street?" exclaimed I, laying down my razor in a tremor. "I trust Miss—— I mean that Mr. Marmaduke is as he should be."

"For all that I know to the contrary, he is, sir," returned the housekeeper; "and likewise all *friends*." Mrs. Myrtle laid such an accent upon "friends" that my mind naturally rushed to the opposite.

"You don't mean to say," said I, "that anything has happened to Sir Massingberd?"

Mrs. Myrtle had no voice to speak, but she nodded a number of times in compensation.

"Is he DEAD?" asked I, very solemnly, for it was terrible to think of sudden death in connection with that abandoned man.

"Wus than dead, sir," returned the housekeeper; "many times wus than dead; Heaven forgive me for saying so. Sir Massingberd is Lost."

"Lost!" repeated I; "how? where?"

"There is only One knows that, Master Peter; but the Squire is not at the Hall, that's certain; he never returned there last night, after he had gone his rounds in the preserves. He spoke with Bradford and two more of the keepers, and bade them keep a good look-out as usual; but he did not come to the watchers in the Home Plantation. He never got so far back as that; nobody saw him since midnight. Gilmore put out his cigars and spirits as usual for him in his room; but they are untouched. The house-door was not fastened on the inside; Sir Massingberd never came in."

Here I heard Mr. Long calling upon the stairs in a voice very different from his customary cheerful tones, for Mrs. Myrtle.

"Mercy me, I wonder whether there's anything now!" cried she, rising with great alacrity. "As soon as I knows it, you shall know it, Master Peter;" with which generous promise she hurried from the room.

After this intelligence, shaving became an impossibility, and I hurried down as soon as I could into the breakfast-room. My tutor was standing at the window very thoughtful, and though he greeted me with his usual hilarity, it struck me that it was a little forced.

"Why, you are early this morning, Peter; and how profusely you have illustrated yourself with cuts: it is sad to see one so young with such a shaky hand. One would think you were one of the five-bottle-men, like Sir—like Lord Stowell.

He had been about to say "Sir Massingberd," I knew, and would on ordinary occasions not have hesitated to do so.

"De perditis nil nisi bonum?" quoth I inquiringly.

"Oh, so you have heard of this nine hours' wonder, have you?" returned my tutor. "Because our neighbor has chosen to leave home for a little, on some private business best known to himself, everybody will have it that he is Lost."

"But it does seem very extraordinary too," said I, "does it not? He has never done so before, has he?"

"Not in all the years he has lived in Fairburn," returned my tutor musingly.

"And he made no preparations, I suppose, for departure, did he? Took no clothes with him?"

"Nothing, nothing," interrupted Mr. Long, pacing the room to and fro, with his hand to his forehead. "But he had money, you know; he was eager to get that money yesterday."

"Then he would probably have hired a vehicle," urged I; "Sir Massingberd is not the man to use his own legs, beyond the limit, that is, of his own lands. You have heard him say that he would never be seen on the road without four horses."

Mr. Long continued his walk without reply, but I thought I perceived that he was not unwilling to have the subject discussed. He seemed to be eager to take as light a view of the matter as possible, although like one who contends against his own more sombre convictions. I, on the contrary, had that leaning towards the gloomy and mysterious not uncommon with young persons, and both imagined the worst, and endeavored to picture it.

"He went out after the poachers, did he not?" said I.

"Yes, as usual," replied my tutor; "he has done it before, scores of times."

"The pitcher goes often to the well, but is broken at last," returned I. "I should not be surprised if the wretched man has been murdered by some of those against whom he waged such unceasing war."

"Then if so, he must have been shot, Peter," returned the rector hastily: "without firearms, it would have been hard to dispose of the gigantic baronet, armed as he doubtless was with his life-preserver. Now no gun has been heard to go off by any one, although it was thought that Sir Massingberd expected some raid to be made last night, by the gipsies or others: at all events, he seemed more alert than usual, Oliver tells me."

The gipsies! My heart sunk within me, as I thought of Rachel Liversedge consumed with the wrongs of her "little sister;" and of the young man, relative of that unhappy Carew whose life had been sworn away through the Squire's machinations. I had seen nothing of them since my memorable interview, but it was like enough that the tribe were yet in the neighborhood. True, they had waited so long for vengeance, that it was not probable they should have set about it at this time; but if Sir Massingberd had really come across them alone, while they were committing a depredation, violence might easily enough have ensued; and if violence, murder. I was very glad that Mrs. Myrtle came in at this juncture with the eggs and buttered toast, and concealed my embarrassment.

"No news, sir," said she lugubriously, as she placed the delicacies upon the table. "The last words were: 'nothing has been heard of him.'" The housekeeper had established a system of communication by help of her kitchen-maid and the stable-lad at the Hall, whereby she received bulletins, every quarter of an hour or so, with respect to Sir Massingberd's mysterious disappearance.

"Well, no news is good news, you know," responded Mr. Long gayly. "We should always look upon the bright side of things, Mrs. Myrtle."

"Yes, sir; but when a thing ain't got a bright side," remarked the housekeeper, shaking her head. "Why, it's dreadful now he's Lost; and it would be dreadful even if, after all, he was al—"

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Myrtle; you don't know but you may be speaking of a poor soul that is gone to his account. Sir Massingberd is doubtless a bad man; but let us not call it dreadful if he should be permitted to return among us, and have some time yet, it may be, to repent in."

"Then you think he's dead and gone, do you, sir? Well, that's what I think, and that's what Patty thinks too, and she's a very reasonable girl. "Them ravens," says she to me, "didn't come to that church-tower for nothing;" and though, of course, I told her to hold her tongue, and not talk folly like that, there was a good deal in what she said. Why, we have not had ravens here since Sir Wentworth came to his awful end in London; there was a mystery about that too, wasn't there, sir? Lawk-a-mercy! Mr. Meredith, you gave me quite a turn."

I had only said "Look there!" and pointed to the window, through which Gilmore and the headkeeper were seen approaching the Rectory, and engaged in close conversation.

"I'll go with Patty, and let them in," quoth Mrs. Myrtle, unconsciously betraying that she was unequal to opening the door alone, in such an emergency. It is probable that, when it was opened, the incomers and she had a great deal to talk about, for they were not ushered into the breakfast-room for many minutes, and after the very moderate meal which sufficed us both upon the occasion had long been finished. The butler and Oliver Bradford were by no means good friends, and it must have been something portentous indeed which brought them to the Rectory together. It was, in fact, their very rivalry which had produced the double visit. Each conceived himself to be the superior minister of the absent potentate, and called upon, by that position, to act in his master's behalf, and give notice to neighboring powers—such as the parson—of the event that had paralyzed affairs at the Hall. It seemed only natural (as he himself subsequently expressed it) to Oliver Bradford, who had been servant—man and boy—to the Heath family for nearly sixty years, that he should be the spokesman on an occasion such as this, and slecking his scanty white hairs over his forehead with the palm of his hand, and passing the back of it across his mouth, he commenced as follows:

"Muster Long, I make bold to come over here, having been upon the property going on for threescore-years-and-ten—"

"As outdoor servant," interrupted Mr. Gilmore severely; "but not as confidential in any way. Mr. Long, this old man here insisted upon accompanying me in the performance of my duty, and I have humored him."

"You've what?" cried the ancient keeper; "you've humored *me*, you oily knave, have you? No, no; you never did that to Oliver Bradford. It wasn't worth your while. I come here about my master's business as a matter of right. Are a few years of truckling, and helping the devil's hand, and feathering your own nest pretty comfortably, to be weighed against a lifetime of honest service? Let Mr. Long here decide."

"Look here, men," quoth my tutor; "it is no use quarrelling about precedence. You are both in the same service, and owe the same duty to your master. I know what has happened in a general way, and require no long story from either of you. But you have doubtless each of you some information concerning this matter peculiar to your own positions, and I will ask you to communicate it in time. Twelve hours have not elapsed since your master's disappearance—a very short time surely to set it down certainly to any fatal accident."

"He was as regular in his rounds as clock-work," interposed the old keeper, shaking his head; "he would never have left the Home Spinney unvisited last night, if life had been in him."

"And if he had meant to leave Fairburn of his own head," added the butler, "he would have come back for his brandy before he started: for all his hearty look, Sir Massingberd could not get on long without that; and he would not have taken Grimjaw out with him neither."

"Oh, the dog was with him, was it?" said my tutor musing.

"It was not in the house, sir," replied Gilmore, "after Sir Massingberd had left. I went to make the fire in his sitting-room, and I noticed that the creature was neither on the hearthrug, nor under the sofa, as is usually the case. I don't know when I have known the dog go out with him o' nights before. When I went to open the front door as usual this morning, there was Grimjaw, nigh frozen to death."

"Your master had made no sort of preparation, so far as you know, for his own departure anywhere?"

"None whatever. I set out his cigars for him, and I noticed that he had only put two in his case, a sure sign that he meant to return soon. He had no great-coat, although it was bitter cold."

"Was he armed in any way?"

"No, sir; that is to say, he had his life-preserver, of course, but no gun or pistol."

"Had he any sum of money, or valuables of any kind about him, Gilmore?"

"I don't think that is at all likely," replied the butler, grinning. "We haven't seen money at the Hall this many a day. As for valuables, Sir Massingberd had his big gold chain on, with a silver watch at the end of it, borrowed from me years ago, and my property."

It was remarkable how this ordinary cautious and discreet person was changed in manner, as though he was well assured that he would never more have a master over him. Both Mr. Long and myself observed this.

"What time was your master usually accustomed to return home from his rounds in the preserves?"

"I did not sit up for him, in general," returned Gilmore; "but when I have chanced to be awake, and to hear him come in, it was never later than three o'clock. His ordinary time was about half-past twelve, but it depended on what time he started. He left the Hall last night at about ten, and should therefore have returned a little after midnight. I never set eyes on him since nine o'clock, when he was in his own sitting-room reading."

"And when did *you* see him last, Bradford?"

"When did I see Sir Massingberd Heath?" replied the old keeper, who had been chafing with impatience throughout his rival's evidence—"well, I see'd him last nine hours ago, at nearly twelve o'clock at night. I was on watch in the Old Plantation, and he came upon me sudden, as usual, with his long quick stride."

"Was there anything at all irregular about his manner or appearance; anything in the least degree different from what you always saw upon these occasions?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. Look you, I knew my master well." [He had already begun to talk of him in the past tense.] "I could tell at a glance when he was put out more than usual, or when he had anything out of ordinary in hand; he never swore, saving your reverence's presence, what you may call *freely* then. He might have knocked one down, likely enough, if you gave him the least *cross*, but he was not flush of his oaths. Now, I never heerd him in better fettle in that respect than he was last night. He cussed the lad Jem Meyrick, who had come up to me away from Davit's Copse for a light to his pipe; and he cussed me too, for giving it him, up hill and down dale; and in particular he cussed Grimjaw for being so old and slow that he couldn't keep up with him. Sir Massingberd never waited for him, of course; but after he'd been with us a few minutes, the old dog came up puffin' and wheezin'; and when the Squire left us, it followed him, as well as it could, but with the distance getting greater between them at every step. I watched them, for the moon made it almost as light as day, going straight for the Wolsey Oak, which was the direct way for the Home Spinney; and that was where Sir Massingberd meant to go last night, although he never got there, or leastways the watcher never saw him."

"Have you any reason to believe, keeper, that there where poachers in any part of the preserves last night?"

"No, sir," replied Oliver, positively. "On the contrary, I knows there wasn't, although Sir Massingberd was as suspicious of them as usual, or more so. Why, with Jack Larrup and Dick Swivel both in jail, and all the Larchers sent out of the parish, and Squat and Burchall at sea, where was they to come from?"

"Sir Massingberd must have had many enemies?" mused my tutor.

"Ay, indeed, sir," replied old Oliver, pursing his lips: "he held his own with the strong hand; so strong, however, as no man would contend against him. If Sir Massingberd has been killed, Mr. Long, it was not in fair fight; he was too much feared for that."

"There have been a gang of gipsies about the place this long time, have there not?" quoth my tutor.

"There have, sir; but don't you think of gipsies and this here matter of Sir Massingberd as having anything to do with one another. They're feebie feckless bodies at the best. They ain't even good poachers, although my master always bid us beware of them. They would no more have ventured to meddle with the Squire, than a flock of linnets would attack a hawk; that's certain."

My tutor had been setting down on paper brief notes of his conversation with these two men; but he now put the writing away from him, and inquired what steps, in their judgment, ought to be taken in the matter, and when?

"You know your master better than I. If he chanced to come back this afternoon, or to-morrow, or next day, from any expedition he may have chosen to undertake, would he not be much annoyed at any hue-and-cry having been made after him?"

"That he just would," observed the keeper, with emphasis.

"I would not have been the man to make the fuss," remarked the butler, sardonically, "for more money than he has paid me these ten years."

"In a word," observed my tutor, "you are both come here to shift the responsibility of a public search from your own shoulders to mine. Very good. I accept it. Let sufficient hands be procured at once, Bradford, to search the Chase and grounds, and drag the waters. And, you, Gilmore, must accompany me, while I set seals on such rooms as may seem necessary up at the Hall."

The butler was for moving away on the instant with "*Very* well, sir," but Mr. Long added—

"Please to wait in Mrs. Myrtle's parlor for me. We must go together."

"I don't like the look of that man Gilmore, at all, sir," observed I, when the two had left the room.

"No, nor I, Peter," returned my tutor, sententiously, as he set about collecting tapes and sealing-wax; "I am afraid he is a rogue in grain."

No, that was not by any means, or rather was very far short of what I meant to imply; what I had had almost upon my burning lips was: "Don't you think he has murdered Sir Massingberd?" But the moment had gone by for the putting the question, even if Mr. Long had not begun to whistle—a sure sign with him that he did not wish to speak upon the matter any further, just at present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHAKSPEARE A GENTLEMAN.

Fortune following on his exertions, his mind only took the firmer hold of Stratford and his loved relatives there. It became the dream of his life to restore his family to the comfort and respectability from which they had fallen—to become, if possible, a man of consequence there. In this he might be said to resemble Scott, who, comparatively indifferent to literary *eclat*, concentrated his highest aspirations on founding a laird's family in the county of his race—Roxburghshire. As in Scott's case there was a basis for the idea in the gentle blood of which he was descended, so was there in Shakespeare's. Through at least the mother, Mary Arden, of Wilmcote, if not also through the father, there was also a trace of connection with land and birth. It is a highly significant circumstance that in 1596, when Shakspeare was getting his head above water in London, his father is found applying to the Heralds' College for a coat of arms, on the basis of family service to King Henry VII., of official dignity, of the possession of property, and the fact of having married a daughter of Arden, of Wilmcote; an application which was extended three years later, to one for the privilege of impaling the Shakspeare arms with those of Arden. There can, of course, be no doubt that William, the poet, prompted these ambitious applications, and designed them for the benefit of himself and his descendants. They take their place with the investments at Stratford as part of the ultimate plan of life which the great poet had in view. Let it be observed that with this conception of his idea of life all the other known and even the negative circumstances are in conformity. He thought not of taking a high place in London—he kept retired, and saved money. To this voluntary obscurity it may be attributed that he has passed so noiselessly among his fellows in the metropolis, and been left so wholly without a biography amongst them. In about ten years from his coming to London—namely, in 1597—he was beginning to make his purchases of property in Stratford, and in a few years more he had wholly withdrawn to live like a gentleman in the handsomest house in the new place—where he lived till the end of his days. Let it be observed—strange that it should not have been observed before!—that this whole course of procedure is peculiar—stands quite singular among the literary, and still more the theatrical lives of that day, arguing a character in Shakspeare as original and self dependent as his talents were exalted. It seems to us to speak strongly for a just and rational view of the ends of life on his part; it shows him as a man whose original healthy tastes had never become spoilt by town life, as one who had never allowed himself to be carried away by love of excitement and applause; the smoke of the stage lamps had never smirched him; the homage of the Pembrokes and the Northamptons had never misled him. He desired simply to be a gentleman living on his own acres, *procul a negotiis*. It was an idea of life both modest and dignified. We hear not of his seeking any external honors beyond a coat-of-arms. We hear of no ovations at his retirement from the stage; most probably he was too proud a man to undergo a testimonial, even had such things been fashionable. He had come to town on a purpose, and when that was accomplished he quietly resumed the calm existence he loved by the banks of that beautiful river of his youth, ever pressing along through its green and umbrageous meadows. Could anything be more worthy of "a gentleman of Nature's making" or a man of genius.—*Book of Days.*

The Recent Disaster at Sheffield, Eng.

An English journal, speaking of the recent bursting of the reservoir which supplied Sheffield with water, says:

At a little before midnight on Friday last, the great reservoir of the Sheffield Water Company, one hundred acres in extent, and which held more than a million cubic feet of water, suddenly burst its embankment and swept down the narrow gorge formed by the Loxley and Stannington hills into Sheffield itself. Almost before warning could be given the volume of water began rushing headlong down the valley, sweeping farms and houses, forges and factories like chaff before it. A portion of the embankment, one hundred and ten yards long by seventy feet deep, gave way at once, and the water rushed, with a prodigious roar, into the valley below. The enormous mass burst down the hillsides with a din like the heaviest thunder, and the unhappy cotters in the valley were drowned instantaneously in their houses, from which they had not the slightest chance of escape.

The horror is intensified by the fact that the accident took place suddenly in the dead of the night, when the people after a hard day's toil, had laid themselves down to tranquil slumber; hundreds who had gone to rest in the full confidence that they would rise with the light of returning day, awoke no more, their goods, their dwellings, and everything pertaining to them—nay, their very bodies being swept away by a mighty flood. For seven miles above the busy and populous town of Sheffield, where dwell the sons of Tubal Cain, where the clank of the hammer and anvil ceases not, and for 20 miles below, all through the smiling valley of the Don, which was just putting forth the tender buds of early spring, a mighty torrent has swept, and in one night has changed the whole face of the valley into a scene of desolation and wonder such as makes the heart sink to look upon it. Peaceful villages and solitary farm-houses upon the banks of the Don have vanished from the face of the earth, and nothing remains to mark the spot where they once stood but a long, low, brown mass of alluvial deposit, with here and there a scathed and branchless tree sticking up through the waste, or a solitary gable wall where once stood a noble house. The scene, indeed, for miles is one of utter annihilation, and reminds us of the magnificent description of public calamities in the Scriptures, where we are told that men did eat, and drink, and were merry, and laid down to rest in unconscious ignorance, but the flood came and carried them away, and their places knew them no more. People who lived upon the high hills overlooking the valley of the Don, between Bradfield and Sheffield, when they looked forth from their chamber windows in the early morning, could not believe their eyes. A disappearance stranger than that of Aladdin's palace in the eastern tale had taken place. There were, indeed, the opposite hills and the distant country, but where were the long white rows of cottages, where the numerous bridges, where the pleasant villages and the clacking mills that had dotted the river banks; they had absolutely vanished, and had "left not a wrack behind." There was not even the appearance of ruins, which generally attends the destruction of houses; here and there large sheets of water; then, again, masses of brown mud, such as the tide leaves uncovered at low water in large estuaries; in the centre a rushing surging torrent still making its way in huge volumes to the adjacent town of Sheffield.

The condition of things in the lower part of Sheffield was also deplorable. Several of the streets in the neighborhood had been five or six feet submerged, and the height to which the water had risen was distinctly marked upon the walls by the long black line. The engine shed of the Midland railway station was found to be five feet in slime and mud, in which one or two bodies were found that had been washed in by the flood. The booking-office was also three feet deep in water and slush. Many houses were demolished, and in one or two cases the whole sides of streets. It is a singular circumstance, also, as showing the unabated strength of the current for many miles, that notwithstanding the valley after passing south of Sheffield widens considerably, dead bodies were washed into the station at Doncaster. Up to the present about 170 dead bodies have been recovered, but how many have gone down the stream, and will not probably be recovered for days, it is impossible to say.

In the ancient history of Ireland we read of cities suddenly overwhelmed by the sea, and Brittany (King Arthur's ancient kingdom of Brakelonde) has many an old legend of similar catastrophies; from Central America, too—the land of volcanic action—comes occasionally a dismal story of the earth suddenly opening its jaws and breathing forth the destruction of a city; but anything more fearfully horrible than this mud-drowned valley of the Don it has seldom been our lot to hear of.

☞ A woman's principal work in life is hardly ever left to her own choice, nor can she drop the domestic charge devolving upon her, as an individual, for the exercise of the most splendid talent that was ever bestowed.

DEFENCE OF THE SYSTEM OF Internal Improvements of the State of New Jersey, by the President of the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company.

LETTER TO WILLIAM C. BRYANT, ESQ., FROM R. F. STOCKTON.

To WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Esq., Publisher of the New York Evening Post.

PRINCETON, April 8th, 1864.

SIR: I have recently observed several editorial articles and communications in the *Evening Post*, in relation to the *Joint Companies of New Jersey*, which indicate a want of information as to the origin and history of those Companies, and their relations to the public.

I have therefore persuaded myself to believe that a few notes on the subject, from one who is intimately acquainted with all the circumstances which attended the origin and subsequent history of those Companies, would not at this time be unacceptable to you and the public. You will excuse, I hope, the liberty I have taken, and appreciate the motive for addressing you in this form.

The peculiar circumstances under which New Jersey adopted her present system of Internal Improvements seem, with the lapse of time, to have faded from the memory of the present generation. A brief reference to them and to antecedent events will enable all to appreciate more justly the proposed Congressional or any other interference with that system.

The communication between New York and Philadelphia, was first carried on over the common roads of New Jersey, by stages and farry wagons. These roads were maintained by the labor of the inhabitants of the different counties through which the roads passed. The inhabitants were assessed according to the extent of their landed property for the purpose. The rivers were crossed by open ferry boats. The ferries were authorized by law to charge specific tolls in proportion to the service rendered.

The first step towards improvement was bridging the rivers. This the State was unwilling to do at the State expense. It was done by granting charters to companies to build the required bridges; thus the Hackensack, the Passaic, Raritan and Delaware Rivers were bridged. Different Turnpike Companies were incorporated to build turnpike roads, with the right to exact tolls of those who used the roads. Some of these charters were granted more than seventy years ago. The *specific duties* they have levied on the public have never been considered a burthen. Whilst similar duties, the same in *principle*, exacted from the Railroads and Canal, have been unceasingly and perseveringly denounced.

During the war of 1812 the military necessities of the Government required the use of the New Jersey roads, From Trenton to New Brunswick, on the Raritan, could then be seen wagons loaded with the cannon and munitions of war stuck in the mud, and consuming two weeks or more in passing over twenty-five miles. This was the time when all from any source would have been heartily welcomed, to assist in the construction of roads or canals across New Jersey. No *one then* clamored for the Government to make Canals or roads across New Jersey. It was not seen *then* that money was to be made by the *interference of Government*.

The lessons afforded by the experience of 1812-14-15 inspired patriotic Jerseymen with National motives for increasing the facilities for passing over the State.

Immediately after the peace of 1815, and soon after the commencement of the construction of the New York and Erie Canal, the people of New Jersey began to take measures for the construction of the Delaware and Raritan Canal. This was from the first considered a work of National importance and deserving of aid from the Federal Government.

A system of National Internal improvements along the seaboard, with the design of promoting the military defence of the Atlantic coast, was recommended by the Secretary of War, the Hon. Mr. Calhoun, during the first term of President Monroe. In his able report on that subject, Mr. Calhoun indicated the Delaware and Raritan Canal as one of the most costly and important links in that chain of public works which he recommended should be constructed at the national expense.

I shall not here inquire into the reasons why the General Government failed to act in conformity with the recommendation of Mr. Calhoun. It is sufficient to refer to the fact that Congress refused to authorize any expenditure for this important work.

The citizens of New Jersey, however, *for many years* cherished the hope that the Government would sooner or later adopt the policy of *constructing* such public works as were unquestionably important for national defence, and that *when such a policy* should be sanctioned, they felt confident that the Delaware and Raritan Canal would be made.

The times were only little more than a quarter of a century ago when the projectors of those public works of New Jersey, now deemed to be so remunerative, were considered visionary men, who proposed to waste a great deal of money without any reasonable prospect of beneficial results. At this day it seems almost incredible that those franchises which are now supposed to be so valuable and useful that organized capitalists, in order to gratify its lust for gain, invoke the Federal Government to destroy or impair them by the exercise of extraordinary powers, never before claimed to exist, *thirty-three years are count with great difficulty* be given away by the State of New Jersey. Yet such is the fact. Nay, the State *could not give them away* upon terms on which capitalists were willing to accept, unless the rights were unreasonably restricted. This protection was given *from the necessity of the case*; without it, neither railway nor canal (the most important of the two) would have been commenced in 1831.

In 1828 the Legislature of New Jersey granted a charter to some citizens of New York, to build the Delaware and Raritan Canal. For various reasons that Company refused to proceed, and the charter was cancelled.

The Legislature was then importuned and petitioned by cities of New York to make the Canal a State work. All well informed men in New Jersey perceived that some system of internal improvement was indispensable to the development of the resources of the State. Enterprize languished, and the prosperity of the State was paralyzed, her lands were becoming impoverished, if not worn out, her villages were stationary, her young men were leaving her, as fast as they came of age, for more inviting homes in the West.

Having given up all hope of any aid from Congress or the State Government to the construction of the Canal, a few of the most enlightened and public spirited Jerseymen held a conference on the subject of the future of New Jersey. They fully discussed the proper policy to pursue in order to keep up with the progress of improvements in other States.

The question of the comparative advantage of Canals and Railroads was discussed, and, whilst it was admitted on all hands that a Railroad would be most profitable to individuals, yet it was believed that as far as respected its utility to the State, a Railroad would be about as important as *the flight of a flock of pigeons* across it.

But the Canal it was thought would be of primary importance to the State, and a work of great national utility, and to which all other public improvements should be subordinated. In these views a large number of the citizens of New Jersey sympathized, and an application to the Legislature was made for a charter to construct the Delaware and Raritan Canal. Whilst this bill was in progress, other parties applied for a charter to build a Railroad from Camden to Amboy. These charters (be it borne in mind,) *were not close corporations*; they were *open to the citizens of the whole country*. The books of these Companies were opened by the usual advertisements, inviting all persons to subscribe, and appeals were made by Committees to the General Government, and to the citizens of New York and Philadelphia, to aid in the great and hazardous enterprize of building the Canal.

The Railroad being less costly and more easily managed by speculators, the majority of that stock was subscribed by a few patriotic citizens of New Jersey, which prevented its getting into the hands of speculators, to the ruin of the Canal. * * * But of the Canal stock, so much more important to New Jersey, only 1,500 of the 15,000 shares were subscribed, notwithstanding the great exertions made by its friends to fill up the subscription. *Here again, any aid* from New York or Philadelphia, or the Government, would have been gladly obtained.

In this unpromising state of things, a citizen of New Jersey, a man of fortune (well invested,) who had never embarked in a speculative scheme, was importuned for aid to save the Canal. He was assured that if the Canal failed then it would be lost forever, and deeming the Canal of infinite importance to the State and the nation, he embarked in the enterprize.

He had no expectation of a great gain from the investment, but felt it to be a patriotic duty to secure, if possible, the construction of this great national work. He accordingly subscribed $400,000, the balance of the stock necessary to save the charter.

Again every effort was made to enlarge the subscription. Appeals, public and private, were made time after time, to the patriotism of the public, but without success. *Any man or number of men would at that time* have been allowed to take a part of, or the whole of the Capital Stock. But perhaps there were too many patriots then as now, wise, such heroism of efforts are being made, to *plunder* the public treasury of New Jersey, and to break down the characters and fortunes of the men who came forward to construct by their own unaided efforts that Great National and State Work.

No additional subscription could be obtained without further legislation.

The Legislature was now asked to give the Canal Company authority to construct a Railroad on the banks of the Canal; it refused to confer such a privilege, but at the same time held out some expectation of giving railroad privileges, provided the Canal should be made 75 feet wide instead of fifty feet, according to the original charter, and 7 feet in depth instead 5 feet. This alarmed the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and they declined to go on with their road. It became necessary to reconcile these conflicting interests or abandon the proposed improvements entirely.

They were reconciled in the only practicable way, by uniting the two companies, and consolidating their stock and protecting their interest. *Remember*, that this was done more than thirty years ago, when the few practical men who undertook to build Railroads and Canals in New Jersey, were denounced as visionary theorists.

Remember also, that as before said, her lands were worn out, or greatly impoverished, and her young and enterprising men, in a steady stream, were deserting their homes for the far prairies of the West. She was a small State, with not a village containing 10,000 inhabitants, her resources and public credit were too meagre to encumber her with a large debt for works which, when made, were certain to benefit New York and Pennsylvania quite as much, if not more, than they would probably benefit New Jersey. They could at that time obtain but little aid out side of the State. But she had *never* let her own citizens enterprising and fearless men who were will ing to risk (and it was at that time a great risk) large private fortunes, in building her public works, provided the necessary franchises were conferred upon them. She wisely conferred the necessary grants, and under their auspices New York and Philadelphia were supplied with a Railroad connection which has probably done more to augment the growth and wealth of these cities than it has contributed to the growth and wealth of *New Jersey*. But there has been a class of speculators who, ever since the success of the New Jersey Railroads was demonstrated, have in order war on New Jersey, because she would not allow them to destroy the value of her Public Works by constructing competing Railroads.

These enterprising gentlemen have, for want of any other possible cause of complaint against New Jersey, affected great horror and indignation because the State, when she granted the railroad and canal charters, reserved to herself certain *tolls* on the business of the companies she had created. The credulity of the people has been presumptuously taxed, to believe this was a singular and unparalleled style of legislation. As if it were not notorious that every State taxes in some way or other, for the benefit of her treasury, all grantees of charters, who derive pecuniary gains from the business which they are authorized to pursue!! As if every State that has constructed a canal does not derive a revenue from it!!

Of the $5,000,000 received last year by the State of New York for tolls on her canals, the greater part was paid by the citizens of other States."

How scrupulously New York has protected from railroad competition the *State monopoly* of carrying freight on the Erie Canal, is known to all.

New York employed for many years a great number of laborers to build her canals, and over and above the charges for freight, she receives certain tolls, which all pay who use her canals.

New Jersey employed certain chartered companies to make her canal and railway across the State, and *she charges these companies specific tolls* on the freight and passengers they carry from *one* side of the State to the other side, whether they be citizens of New Jersey or citizens of other States.

It is an entire error to suppose that travellers and merchandize crossing New Jersey are taxed by the State.

They are not *even compelled to pay tolls* for transit over her territory. Any person may go free in their own conveyance over the common roads. They are only liable to be charged tolls, regulated by law, if they prefer to travel over the turnpikes or other *artificial works*, the property of individuals made at their own expense, a portion of these tolls are paid into the State Treasury, by the individuals who constitute the companies which have made those *artificial works*.

Therefore, the *fares* charged by these companies for the use of their railroads and canal are clearly not a *tax* levied by the State on the passenger and on merchandize; because, if the State should relinquish all revenue from the companies, still the passenger and the forwarder of merchandize would be required to pay the same fare as they do now. Nor would the investment of additional capital in the construction of rival works be likely to reduce the fares; it would probably increase them.

The term *transit duty*, when used in our laws, means the mode of computing, with simplicity and certainty, the amount due to the State on the aggregate business of the Companies, nothing more.

The amount paid by the passenger or forwarder is in no way affected by what has been inadvertently called a *transit duty* on passengers and merchandize.

In *principle*, the tolls which are paid into the treasury of New York from the business done on *her* canals, are precisely similar to those which New Jersey exacts for the business done on her public works.

A citizen of New Jersey cannot tie up his sloop to a wharf in New York or Philadelphia, unless he pays liberally for the privilege. But New Jersey, by whose legislation these great works were constructed, which have been so beneficial to New York and Philadelphia, is denounced because she, in the exercise of an undoubted right, reserved to herself some small compensation for the inestimable benefits she conferred on the country.

And what is the evil complained of, which is magnified into such monstrous proportions? Out of the hundreds of millions of property which are annually travelling over the Canal and over the Railroads, she collects from the Companies, for the benefit of her treasury, not quite $200,000, a considerable proportion of which is paid by her own citizens!

This is the gigantic crime—this is the tremendous imposition of which New Jersey is accused.

The State of New Jersey, when she chartered the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and Camden and Amboy Railroad, and since, wisely secured to herself a revenue by taxing their business, and at the same time secure to all persons wishing to do so a ready transit across the State at a lower rate than on most other Railroads with which I am acquainted. On the line of trains that run between New York and Philadelphia the fare for passengers is less than $2.25; the highest fare being $3, and the lowest $1.50. All the trains are equally comfortable, if not equally fast, on account of the stoppages for way passengers.

The Companies chartered in 1830, by their success and good management, have acquired such credit that, with the use of that credit chiefly, they have been enabled to assist in the construction of Railroads in all parts of the State. The result has been that New Jersey has covered her territory with Railroads without encumbering herself with debt. Every county in the State has a Railroad, and the people of every county can reach either New York or Philadelphia in three hours, or less time. The average values of farming lands now in New Jersey, exceeds that of the farming lands of any other State. The improvement of the lands of New Jersey, and the success of her Railroads, have benefitted New York and Philadelphia quite as much as New Jersey.

It is for adopting and adhering to a policy thus fruitful of beneficent results that New Jersey is made the object of attack, and that the General Government is invited to step in, and in the exercise of doubtful powers, to destroy these franchises and vested rights, to the profection of which the public faith of the State of New Jersey is inviolably pledged. But it is said, that "the facilities for the transportation of troops and munitions of war from North to South, are greatly inadequate." The assertion is destitute of any shadow of excuse. What are the existing facilities?

1st. There is the ocean.

2d. The Delaware and Raritan Canal.

3d. Camden and Amboy Railroad, via Camden and Amboy.

4th. Camden and Amboy Railroad, via Jersey City, and Trenton and Philadelphia Railroad, on which a double track is being completed.

5th. The New Jersey Central Railroad, via Harrisburg. Upon any one of these routes troops and munitions of war could be delivered faster than the Government has ever yet been ready to receive them, as the experience of 1861 testifies.

But it is the rights of the Camden and Amboy Railroad which it is especially designed to destroy. Through them, *New Jersey* is to be punished. And what do facts prove as to the facilities of that Company?

It will be admitted that the full measure of the capacity of the Camden and Amboy Railroad for transportation has been exceeded during the last three years, if ever.

So far, however, is this from being the fact, that the demands of the Government did not approximate anything near the capacity of these Roads on any one day of that period. The troops were all promptly conveyed, without delay and without interference with the ordinary trade. The Government officials acknowledge with commendation the satisfactory manner in which the New Jersey roads performed every service required of them during that period.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company in connection with the New Jersey Railroad Company, as soon as Washington was threatened, placed at the service of the Government all their works by night and by day. Those companies were the first railroad companies to agree upon a tariff of compensation for services rendered, entirely acceptable to the Government.

My design in this communication has been to place before you as briefly as I could facts connected with the origin of the joint Companies of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Companies, not to argue with you or any one, the powers of Congress, &c., &c., &c., and when you have read them, I ask you to stand up and say whether you can see either magnanimity, generosity, wisdom or patriotism, in assailing men who have, to the best of their abilities and at the risk of their private fortunes, served the public for more than thirty years, in the laborious and odious project of putting down a *monopoly*.

If it be a monopoly to enjoy moderate remuneration for assuming great risks and making great highways of commerce, and paying largely for the privilege to make those highways, then every individual's exclusive property is a monopoly. The New Jersey Companies have purchased for a valuable consideration, all the rights they enjoy. The public faith is pledged for the faithful protection of those rights by as valid a contract as was ever made between any parties. If those rights are not absolutely protected by law, from any infringement, or opt with the consent of both contracting parties, then no rights and no property can hereafter be considered inviolate.

The New Jersey Companies enjoy their exclusive franchise by virtue of a *Lease* now nearly expired, and it is now pretty well understood that this franchise has cost more than it is worth. For the money paid for this lease originally, and for its continued protection, the Companies could have bought all the roads ever proposed to be made between New York and Philadelphia, and raised the money to pay for such an expenditure.

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The amount paid by the passenger or forwarder is in no way affected by what has been inadvertently called a *transit duty* on passengers and merchandize.

In *principle*, the tolls which are paid into the treasury of New York from the business done on *her* canals, are precisely similar to those which New Jersey exacts for the business done on her public works.

A citizen of New Jersey cannot tie up his sloop to a wharf in New York or Philadelphia, unless he pays liberally for the privilege. But New Jersey, by whose legislation these great works were constructed, which have been so beneficial to New York and Philadelphia, is denounced because she, in the exercise of an undoubted right, reserved to herself some small compensation for the inestimable benefits she conferred on the country.

And what is the evil complained of, which is magnified into such monstrous proportions? Out of the hundreds of millions of property which are annually travelling over the Canal and over the Railroads, she collects from the Companies, for the benefit of her treasury, not quite $200,000, a considerable proportion of which is paid by her own citizens!

This is the gigantic crime—this is the tremendous imposition of which New Jersey is accused.

The State of New Jersey, when she chartered the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and Camden and Amboy Railroad, and since, wisely secured to herself a revenue by taxing their business, and at the same time secure to all persons wishing to do so a ready transit across the State at a lower rate than on most other Railroads with which I am acquainted. On the line of trains that run between New York and Philadelphia the fare for passengers is less than $2.25; the highest fare being $3, and the lowest $1.50. All the trains are equally comfortable, if not equally fast, on account of the stoppages for way passengers.

The Companies chartered in 1830, by their success and good management, have acquired such credit that, with the use of that credit chiefly, they have been enabled to assist in the construction of Railroads in all parts of the State. The result has been that New Jersey has covered her territory with Railroads without encumbering herself with debt. Every county in the State has a Railroad, and the people of every county can reach either New York or Philadelphia in three hours, or less time. The average values of farming lands now in New Jersey, exceeds that of the farming lands of any other State. The improvement of the lands of New Jersey, and the success of her Railroads, have benefitted New York and Philadelphia quite as much as New Jersey.

It is for adopting and adhering to a policy thus fruitful of beneficent results that New Jersey is made the object of attack, and that the General Government is invited to step in, and in the exercise of doubtful powers, to destroy these franchises and vested rights, to the profection of which the public faith of the State of New Jersey is inviolably pledged. But it is said, that "the facilities for the transportation of troops and munitions of war from North to South, are greatly inadequate." The assertion is destitute of any shadow of excuse. What are the existing facilities?

1st. There is the ocean.

2d. The Delaware and Raritan Canal.

3d. Camden and Amboy Railroad, via Camden and Amboy.

4th. Camden and Amboy Railroad, via Jersey City, and Trenton and Philadelphia Railroad, on which a double track is being completed.

5th. The New Jersey Central Railroad, via Harrisburg. Upon any one of these routes troops and munitions of war could be delivered faster than the Government has ever yet been ready to receive them, as the experience of 1861 testifies.

But it is the rights of the Camden and Amboy Railroad which it is especially designed to destroy. Through them, *New Jersey* is to be punished. And what do facts prove as to the facilities of that Company?

It will be admitted that the full measure of the capacity of the Camden and Amboy Railroad for transportation has been exceeded during the last three years, if ever.

So far, however, is this from being the fact, that the demands of the Government did not approximate anything near the capacity of these Roads on any one day of that period. The troops were all promptly conveyed, without delay and without interference with the ordinary trade. The Government officials acknowledge with commendation the satisfactory manner in which the New Jersey roads performed every service required of them during that period.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company in connection with the New Jersey Railroad Company, as soon as Washington was threatened, placed at the service of the Government all their works by night and by day. Those companies were the first railroad companies to agree upon a tariff of compensation for services rendered, entirely acceptable to the Government.

My design in this communication has been to place before you as briefly as I could facts connected with the origin of the joint Companies of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Companies, not to argue with you or any one, the powers of Congress, &c., &c., &c., and when you have read them, I ask you to stand up and say whether you can see either magnanimity, generosity, wisdom or patriotism, in assailing men who have, to the best of their abilities and at the risk of their private fortunes, served the public for more than thirty years, in the laborious and odious project of putting down a *monopoly*.

If it be a monopoly to enjoy moderate remuneration for assuming great risks and making great highways of commerce, and paying largely for the privilege to make those highways, then every individual's exclusive property is a monopoly. The New Jersey Companies have purchased for a valuable consideration, all the rights they enjoy. The public faith is pledged for the faithful protection of those rights by as valid a contract as was ever made between any parties. If those rights are not absolutely protected by law, from any infringement, or opt with the consent of both contracting parties, then no rights and no property can hereafter be considered inviolate.

The New Jersey Companies enjoy their exclusive franchise by virtue of a *Lease* now nearly expired, and it is now pretty well understood that this franchise has cost more than it is worth. For the money paid for this lease originally, and for its continued protection, the Companies could have bought all the roads ever proposed to be made between New York and Philadelphia, and raised the money to pay for such an expenditure.

* *Extract from Report of Canal Board of State of New York.*—In the year 1857 the tolls received from the productions of our State and for merchandize passing West, were $1,031,871; from products from Western States, $960,185. In the year 1862 the tolls received from products of the State and for merchandize were $1,402,325, while the receipts from products of Western States were $3,727,338.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from $13 to 15 ⅌ 100 lbs. 200 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ⅌ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 9½ to 10¾ cents ⅌ lb. 2000 Hogs at from $10¾ to 12¾ ⅌ 100 lbs.

R. R. R.

BORROWERS OF IDEAS.
BORROWERS OF IDEAS.
BORROWERS OF IDEAS.

There are not, at the present time, twelve different kinds of medicine that can be claimed as original discoveries, or that indicate a special curative power over disease, in the world. Of all the popular remedies in the United States, not six can claim originality.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

was the first remedy that was ever issued to the world under the assurance that it would stop the most violent pains in a few moments, and that its controlling influence over pain was superior to Chloroform, Morphine, Opium, Hyosciamus, Colchicum, and other officinal preparations; that it accomplished cures without deadening the perceptive faculties, or lulling the patient to insensibility; that the patient suffering pain was instantly relieved of pain, without disturbing the general health or faculties. This discovery was original. The history of medicine furnishes no such remedy—yet, after its success was proven, imitators set to work, and the country was flooded with a legion of imitations: some were called pain killers, instant relief, speedy relief, &c., all of which are mere imitations of Radway's Ready Relief. If the public desire a positive remedy that will stop pain immediately after it is used, purchase Radway's Ready Relief. Price 25 cents per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS will find "Brown's Bronchial Troches" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech.

CERTIFICATE—GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING—BALDNESS PREVENTED.

London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," three bottles of which restored my hair, which was very gray, to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Mr. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER.

730 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

It is not a Dye, and is the only known restorer of color and perfect hair dressing combined, being entirely different from any article ever introduced to an American public. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address.
mar26-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th day of March, 1864, by the Rev. John C. Mitchell, Dr. ISAAC SAMUEL, to Mrs. MARTHA SIMMONS, late consort of Capt. James Simmons, all of Cedar county, Mo.

On the 9th of Feb., by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. CHARLES C. WALKER, to Miss LIZZIE SHAW, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES B. APPLE, to Miss AMELIA MYERS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Mann, D. D., Mr. CHARLES W. GEISSEL, to Miss KATE L. HALDT, daughter of the late C. L. Haldt, Esq., both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. EDWARD C. JOHNSON, to Miss MARY E. MORRISON, both of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. JOHN L. STEWART, to Miss CHRISTIANA E. WORTHINGTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM C. BURKE, aged 42 years.

On the 12th instant, ROBERT, son of John Brower, Sr., aged 38 years.

On the 11th instant, MRS. HANNAH PETERS, in her 73d year.

On the 11th instant, SAMUEL STEVENS, in his 61st year.

On the 10th instant, JACOB BUTCHER, in his 87th year.

On the 10th instant, MARGARET MILLER, aged 36 years.

On the 10th instant, MRS. CATHARINE TAYLOR, in her 76th year.

On the 9th instant, MRS. REBECCA HOWEY, aged 74 years.

On the 9th instant, MR. JOHN SHEDDON, in his 63d year.

On the 9th instant, MRS. CHARLOTTE OAT, in her 82d year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 400 ARCH ST., Have ordered this season, for their best custom,

Richest Silks imported;
Shawls of exclusive styles;
Dress Goods, Paris styles;
Spring Mantles, Cloth and Silk.

mar12-1y

FOR SALE,
8000 FARMS! FARMS!!

Also, 1850 houses in Philadelphia!
Also, 600 building lots in Philadelphia!
Also, Mills! Country Seats! Timber Lands!
Coal Lands! Western Lands!
Our Catalogue sent free!
Pennsylvania Farm Register!
Montgomery County Farm Register!
Delaware County Farm Register!
Chester County Farm Register!
Bucks County Farm Register!
New Jersey Farm Register!
Delaware Farm Register!
Maryland Farm Register!
House Register, Cheap Dwellings!
All of our Registers now ready. Sent free to any address. Please call or send!

GEORGE N. TOWNSEND & CO.,
ap16-4t No. 123½ South Fourth Street.

BOWEN'S BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPES

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 30 Cents.
Five of different powers for $1.00.
Address E. P. BOWEN,
ap9-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

ST. LOUIS SANITARY FAIR.

Contributions of the following articles, for the New England Kitchen, will be thankfully received, directed thus: JAMES E. YEATMAN, Pres. San. Comm., U. A. Rooms, *for the N. E. K.* Money should be mailed (registered) to Mrs. G. A. GANNETT, box 1414, St. Louis:

Army beans, fat pickled pork, codfish, hams, potatoes, plate pieces corned beef, apples (green and dried), pumpkins in every form, corn and rye meal, flour, butter, lard, sugars, molasses, currants, raisins, spices, eggs, yeast powder, pickles, vegetables of the season, tea, coffee, chocolate, cream and milk DAILY AFTER May 17th.

Mrs. G. A. GANNETT,
1t Chairman.

COLLECTIONS OF CHANTS.

Tuckermann's Cathedral Chants, including the Gregorian Tones, $2,50. Hayter's Cathedral Chants, 50 cts. Choir and Family Psalter, by Drs. Wainwright and Muhlenberg. In this volume the music staves are left blank in order that they may be filled at the pleasure of the Choir with such words as they may select. $1,50. Bird's Single and Double Chants, 40 cts. Church Manual. By T. Bissell, $1,00. Gregorian and other Ecclesiastical Chants, 25 cts. Manuscript Chant Book, by Jones, $1,50.

The above collections comprise the best chants for the use of Choirs. They are all standard works of merit, and very acceptable to the admirers of this class of Music. Copies will be mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
ap23-tf Publishers, Boston.

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7-3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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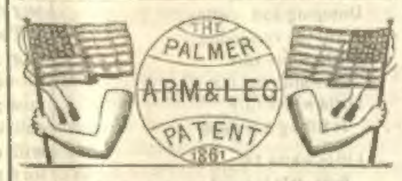


B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," "LEG," &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (5 "First Prize" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information *for persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WANTED.—SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER for the years 1847, 1848 and 1849. A large price will be paid. Address A. G. A., Box 2318, PHILADELPHIA, Pa. 1t

J. STEWART DEPUY,

At M. MARAN'S, 253 South Second Street above Spruce, is now selling, from the best stock and assortment of

CARPETING, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,

that he has had for many years, to which he would respectfully invite those who wish to purchase anything in that line. ap2-10t

WENDERORTH & TAYLOR,

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,
912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,

Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.

Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.

☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B. Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan2 tf

Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR PAINS AND ACHES, and warranted superior to any other. Croup it positively cures; relief is absolutely sure immediately it is used. Mothers remember this, and arm yourselves with a bottle without delay. Croup is a disease which gives no notice, frequently attacking the child in the dead hour of night; before a physician can be summoned it may be too late. Remember, the Venetian Liniment never fails.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. ap9 2tneow

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA.

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

10-40 LOAN.

This Bank has been authorized and is now prepared to receive subscriptions to the

NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

This Loan, issued under authority of an act of Congress, approved March 3, 1864, provides for the issue of Two Hundred Millions of Dollars ($200,000,000) United States Bonds, redeemable after ten years, and payable for y years from date, IN COIN, dated March 1, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of

FIVE PER CENT.

per annum IN COIN, payable semi-annually on all Bonds over $100, and on Bonds of $100 and less, annually.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds as they may prefer.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denomination of fifty dollars ($50), one hundred dollars ($100), five hundred dollars ($500), one thousand dollars ($1,000) five thousand dollars ($5,000), and ten thousand dollars ($10,000), and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of fifty dollars ($50) one hundred dollars ($100), five hundred dollars ($500), and one thousand dollars ($1,000).

Interest will commence from the date of the subscription, or accrued interest from the first day of March or September, as the case may be, to date of subscription, may be paid in coin, (or until further notice) in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium.

C. H. CLARK,
ap9-4t President.

CLOTHING.

SPRING OF 1864.

EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Nos. 303 and 305 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

The facilities of this house for doing business are such that they can confidently claim for it the leading position among the Tailoring Establishments of Philadelphia. They, therefore, invite the attention of gentlemen of taste to their superb stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, cut by the best artists, trimmed and made equal to Customer Work—AND AT

Popular Prices.

They have also lately added a CUSTOM DEPARTMENT where the latest novelties may be found embracing some fresh from London and Paris.

Extensive Clothing House, Nos. 303 and 305 Chestnut St. — 303 Chestnut Street. — Custom Department.

PERRY & CO.,

Nos. 303 and 305 Chestnut Street.

Custom Department, 303 Chestnut St.
ap16-3m

A GENERAL REBELLION.

Triumph of a Great Discovery!

The public has *rebelled* against *cautioning Hair Dyes*. Fashion has forsworn them. A sagacious community has adopted in their stead,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

and *for these reasons:* It embrowns and blackens the *hair*, not the *skin*. It is a *vegetable emollient*, not a *burning fluid*. It does not burlesque nature with *blooming metallic tinges*, but produces her own *living hues*. Its cooling effect is *lasting*. It *defies detection*. Its results are *uniform*. It *never fails*.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

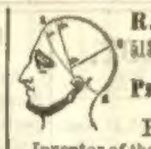
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. ap13-eow3

☞ Save Your Life. ☜

Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney Complaint, *Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Gravel, Tetter, Barber's Itch and Baldness.* A Treatise on the above Diseases with their *speedy and permanent cure*, sent *free* to any address. Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. ap16-6t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail post free, to any address, on receipt of an order

E. G. GRAHAM
feb27-4t 109 Nassau St., New York City.



R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizzets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-eowly

Employment at Your Own Homes.

THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.

No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent., demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age

Wit and Humor.

GAINING STRENGTH.—A student in one of our state colleges was charged by the Faculty with having had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advised me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Ah! yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. *Now I can carry it with the greatest ease.*"

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—In the Dublin University Magazine we have a biographical sketch of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barrister, and among the personal anecdotes told of him is the following:—

A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving, with his face to the wall. He asked why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, to look in the glass.

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there."

"Bless my soul!" cried Burrows, "I did not notice that before."

Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

"Oh, sir," said the servant, "mistress had it removed *six weeks ago*."

OBEYING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed—

"There, doctor, snuff that, will you?"

The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey.

"Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman. "Hand it to me again, if you please."

The doctor again did as directed, and asked what he meant.

"Och, thin," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

A RICH SUPPER.—A certain student, deeply read in the scholastic philosophy, returned from the university to his family. At the hour of supper the mother put on the table three eggs. "That is rather a scanty meal to celebrate the return of our son," said the father. "Why complain?" cried the son; "there are six eggs. Do not one and two and three make six?" "Very well," answered the father; "your mother takes one, I two, and we leave to you the other three." It is to be hoped that the student was consoled by his philosophy for the loss of his supper.

☞ An avaricious man "out West," is reported to make a practice of always riding in the last seat of a railway train, to save the interest on his fare until the conductor gets round to him.

FASTING AND FEASTING.

Where the thinking power is not much exercised, the powers of the stomach to endure long fasts and digest the food of several days, in a few hours, are often developed to a wonderful degree. The camel drivers between Cairo and Suez fast during the thirty hours of the journey; but an Arab, who dines often on a handful of dates, will sometimes be heard to boast that he can eat a sheep at a meal. The Bedouin, when travelling in the desert, takes as daily food two draughts of water, and two morsels of baked flour and milk. But, when meat is before him, and he is not travelling, he can eat and digest as much as would satisfy six Europeans. A native Australian, attendant upon Eyre, could consume an average of nine pounds of boiled meat daily. A Guarini will eat up a small calf in a few hours. A strong young man in Greenland eats daily for several months ten or twelve pounds of meat, with much biscuit. On the other hand, an Arowake lives in the field for three weeks, or a month, on ten pounds of Cassava bread. As a general rule, power of long fasting, and excessively spare living, is associated with a power of digesting, and a will to eat, enormous meals when they are to be had. Set a little Bushman, who has sustained life for a fortnight upon salt and water, before a civilized Christmas dinner for twelve, and he will eat up the whole of it—turkey, sausages, beef, bread, vegetables, pudding, and mince pies—eat it, digest it, and convert it into flesh. For a Bushman or a Caffre, after a few days of such feeding, enlarges visibly in bulk; thus showing that the food of which the system had been starved, has, with extraordinary rapidity, been digested, converted into blood, and used for the building up of the starved human frame.

FACING DOWN THE LION.

As night comes on the lion's humor changes completely. When the sun has set it is perilous to venture into a wild, wooded and broken country. It is there the lion lies in ambush—it is there he is met in the pathway, which he intercepts by barring all further advance with his body. The Arab thus describes some of the nocturnal scenes which are continually happening. If a solitary individual, a courier, traveller, or letter carrier, chancing to meet a lion, possesses a courage of the highest temper, he will walk straight toward the animal, brandishing his sword or gun, but carefully abstaining from using the one or the other. He simply cries out, "Oh, the robber, the highwayman! the son of a mother who never said no. Dost thou think to frighten me? Thou canst not know, then, that I am so-and-so, the son of so-and-so. Get up and let me proceed on my journey."

The lion waits till the man has come close up to him, and then goes off to lie down again a thousand paces farther on. The traveller has thus to endure a long series of terrific trials. Each time that he quits the path the lion will disappear, but only for a few moments. Directly afterward he again presents himself, and all his movements are accompanied by horrible noises. He breaks off innumerable branches with his tail. He roars, howls, growls, and emits gusts of poisonous breath. He plays with the subject of his fantastic and manifold attacks, and keeps him constantly suspended between fear and hope, like a cat playing with a mouse.

If a man involved in such a difficulty does not allow his courage to fail him; if—to use an Arab phrase—he succeeds in firmly holding his soul, the lion will finally leave him and seek his fortune elsewhere. But if on the contrary, the latter perceives he has to deal with a man whose countenance betrays his fear, whose voice trembles, and who dares not articulate a word, he repeats over and over again, in order to terrify him still more, the manœuvre above described. He will approach him, push him, push him out of the way with his shoulder, cross his path every other minute, and amuse himself with him in various ways, until at last he devours his victim already half dead with terror.

BOILING WATER.

At a recent lecture with which Mr. W. R. Grove opened the session of the Royal Institution, Mr. Grove astonished his audience at the outset by telling them that there never had been such a thing as boiling water, and never would be; and he showed reflected on a screen by the electric light, that what is called boiling, is, in fact, the driving out of air from the water by the application of heat. Expel all the air from water, and it will no longer boil in the ordinary sense; and if it were possible to operate on water not contained in a vessel, it might be heated to an intense temperature—more than 300 degrees—without altering its form. And we are not to forget that the hard nature of the vessel in which water is boiled may have as much to do with the boiling as the other elements in the operation. Then comes the question of constituent gases, and that apparently indestructible bubble of gas, "that everlasting bubble," as Mr. Grove calls it, which remains at the bottom of every experiment, whatever be the liquid operated on. Perhaps among our chemists there may be one who will take up the subject of boiling water as a special research.

PINS.—The pin was not known in England till towards the middle or latter end of the reign of Henry VIII.; the ladies until then using ribbons, hoops, skewers made of wood, of brass, silver, or gold. At first the pin was so ill made, that in the 34th year of the king, Parliament enacted that none should be sold unless they be "double-headed, and have the headdes soudered faste to the shanke of the pynne," &c. But this interference had such an influence on the manufacture, that the public could obtain no supply until the obnoxious Act was repealed. On referring to the statute-book, the Act of repeal, which passed in the 37th year of the same reign, contains the following clauses, which tend to show how cautious the legislature ought to be not to interfere with any manufactory which they do not perfectly understand. The Act of repeal having recited the former act, it then goes on to say, "At which tyme the pynners playnly promised to serve the kynge's liege people wel and sufficiently, and at a reasonable price. And forasmuch sens the makying of the saide Act there hath been scarcitee of pynnes within this realme that the kynge's liege people have not ben wel nor completely served of such pynnes nor ar like to be served nor the pynners of this realme (as it doeth nowe manifestly appere) be hable to serve the people of this realme accordyng to their saied promise. In consideracion whereof it maie please the kynge, &c., that it maie be adjudged and demed from hensforth frustrated and nihilitated and to be repealed for ever."—*Stat. Henrici Octavi*, xxxvii, *cap.* 13. The consumption of the whole nation was in 1863, estimated at *twenty millions* of pins per day.

☞ People and cows are the only beings that have calves.

A FEROCIOUS ANIMAL.

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, but you don't mean to say that such a dog as that could frighten a thief?"

DOG SELLER.—"Not frighten a thief! why, bless yer 'art, it would be a little 'oliday to him!"

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting,
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain;
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

Agricultural.

SELECTION OF FRUIT TREES.

It is not the largest or finest looking trees that are the best. In fact, the eagerness to procure big trees at the expense of a full proportion of roots, which it is impracticable to take up with such trees, often results not only in the loss of the trees themselves by death, but it frequently requires years for them to recover and regain their thrifty state. Neither is it necessary that the tree be as straight as a candle, for a few years' growth fills up the crooks in a trunk, and makes it as straight, or nearly so, as any other. The three great points are:—To have healthy trees—to take them up with as perfect roots as possible—and to keep these moist and uninjured till they are set out again. These three requisites cannot be easily secured by taking large trees, while those of moderate or rather small size will readily furnish them all. Small trees are easily dug without mutilating the roots; they are packed for transportation safely and with facility; the labor of digging and packing, and the cost of transportation, are much less than with large trees, and they commence growing immediately, with little check in their vigor, and if well cultivated, make the largest as well as the best trees at the end of five years. The late Dr. Kennicott, who was a successful nurseryman as well as orchardist, said, that of the trees which he sold to his customers, the full-sized symmetrical ones never grew so well as the smaller ones, possessing less beauty of form. The reason was a curious one; he could never succeed in persuading the owners to shorten in the heads of the handsome trees, while he could induce them to prune or cut back the others according to any directions he might give.

To sum up—procure small, healthy, well-dug and well-packed trees, of the best proved sorts, only from reliable nurserymen; let them be well set out and well cultivated for successive years, and they will afford a profitable as well as satisfactory result.

USES OF THE POTATO.—In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are generally indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported into England from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany, the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent thence into many of our foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many an English table as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato, under the designation of *Eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses to which this esculent is turned abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture-frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the water which runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woolens, and such like articles, it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains she becomes perfectly cured by the operation.

HOW TO GET EARLY TOMATOES.—Mrs. E. D. Kendall, of Maryland, thus writes to the Southern Field and Fireside: "A good large turnip is far better than any hot-bed for propagating early tomatoes. Cut off the top, and scoop out to a shell three-quarters of an inch thick. Fill the cavity with rich mould, plant half a dozen seeds, and place the turnip in a box of loam. Keep warm, sprinkle with tepid water every day, until there is no longer any danger from the frost, then return the turnip to the outdoor bed, and thin out all but one plant. Should the turnip send out roots, pinch them off, and the shell will soon rot, affording a fertilizer to the tomato plant that will send it ahead wonderfully. A dozen turnips tomatoized will afford an abundant supply of early tomatoes for an ordinary family."

LAND MEASURE.—Every farmer should have a rod measure—a light stiff pole—just 16½ feet long for measuring land. By a little practice he can learn to step a rod at five paces which will answer very well for ordinary farm work. Ascertain the number of rods in width and length of a lot you wish to measure, and multiply one by the other, and divide by 160, and you have the number of acres, as 160 square rods make a square acre. If you wish to lay off one acre, measure thirteen rods upon each side. This lacks only a rod full measure.

BARLEY FOR HENS.—There is no one grain so well suited as food for hens. Barley, when fed with oats and corn, will often be gathered first by the fowls, and hens fed with more or less barley, are said to lay freely. We have used barley and peas mixed, and our return of eggs is evidence of the suitableness of the food.

☞ A story is told by a distinguished American sculptor of the cool reception which his mother gave to his first attempt at the plastic art. It was the figure of a woman looking out upon the sea as if trying to catch a glimpse of the vessel that contained her sailor-husband. The figure was scarcely dumi-draped about the neck—which seemed to have been the only point which struck the good lady's attention. "Well, what do you think of her?" asked he, eagerly, expectant of his mother's praise. "I think," said the matron, with decision, "that no *decent* woman would be seen out of doors in such a plight."

☞ A victim of sea sickness described his sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; the second hour I was more afraid I shouldn't."

Useful Receipts.

A VERY CELEBRATED COLOGNE WATER.—6 drachms of oil of lemon, do. bergamot, 3 do. lavender, 10 drops cinnamon, 20 drops of cloves, ½ drachm rosemary, 40 drops neroli, 20 drops rose, 2 drachms tincture of musk, 6 pints deodorized alcohol. Shake up well; let it stand four hours before filtering.

HOW TO OUTWIT THE MOTH.—The following has more real virtue in it than any of the so called scare aways of the moth which has yet met our eye. Only be careful that there are no moths in the furs when put away, and it will be impossible for them to get in if the necessary care is taken. But to the advice: Most of our insects are very hardy, caring little for wind and weather, and will never "die of aromatic pain." We once packed some small skins in the centre of a cask of tobacco leaves and stems, but the miller went there, deposited her eggs, and the furs were ruined. This shows that they are not at all delicate and care nothing for tobacco. Expensive cedar closets are frequently constructed with the idea that the rather pleasant odor of the cedar is sufficiently disagreeable to the moth to keep her away from articles of clothing deposited there. This is a mistake. The strongest instinct prompts the miller to seek the means of perpetuating its kind, and no trifling impediment will prevent it. But the preservation of furs, or articles of clothing, is perfectly simple, cheap, and easy. Shake them well and tie them up in a cotton or linen bag, so that the miller cannot possibly enter, and the articles will not be injured, though the bag is hung in a wood-house or garret. This is cheaper than to build cedar closets, and better than to fill the bed clothes and garments with the sickening odor of camphor, tobacco, or any other drug.

RANCID OIL.—Dr. Griessler has discovered a thing useful to all artists. A few drops of spirits of ether will, he has found, when mixed with rancid oil, restore its freshness.

ENGLISH RECEIPTS.

RHUBARB WINE.—5 pounds of rhubarb to 1 gallon of water, to stand ten days, stirring twice a day. Then put it through a sieve, and add 4 pounds of sugar to a gallon, the liquor to remain in the cask five months. Then add the rind and juice of three lemons, ½ pint of brandy, and ½ oz. of isinglass. In a few days it will be ready for use.

MACCARONI PUDDING TO BE MADE OF COOKED MEAT.—Take an equal quantity of ham and chicken, mixed, and mince them small. Then weigh out half the quantity of maccaroni, which must be previously boiled tender in broth, 2 eggs, beaten well, 1 oz. of butter, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste; all these ingredients to be mixed thoroughly together. Put into a mould or basin, and to be boiled for two hours. The maccaroni must be kept in as long pieces as possible.

MUFFINS AND CRUMPETS.—To bake these properly the fire should be underneath them, which renders it a difficult matter to make them in a satisfactory way at home, as side ovens must generally be used. The mixture for muffins is as follows:—A quarter of a pint of thick small-beer yeast, strained into a pan with a pint of warm milk; to this a sufficient quantity of flour must be added to make it into a batter, then having covered it over let it stand in a warm place to rise. When this is accomplished add a quarter of a pint of warm milk, with 1 oz. of butter, rubbed in some flour until quite fine. Having mixed all these well together, add enough flour to make the mixture into dough, cover it over, and let it stand half-an-hour, after which work it up once more, and breaking it into small pieces, roll them into a round form, and again covering them, let them remain a quarter of an hour. Lay them on the iron for baking, and having placed them in the oven, be very careful that they do not get overbaked, or discolored, and turn them as soon as one side changes color. Do not let the iron get too hot. For crumpets some tin rings, like cake rings, must be provided. The mixture is made with 1½ pound of flour, 3 pints of milk, 2 eggs, and 2 tablespoonsful of yeast. The milk must be lukewarm when added. Beat all up into a batter, and allow it to stand until it rises in blisters on the top. Then bake the crumpets in the tin rings on a polished iron plate.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 127 letters.

My 98, 127, 18, 44, 74, 82, 107, 102, 81, 15, 33, 49, 1, 22, 51, 4, 30, 9, 93, 7, 45, 120, 60, 70, 69, 69, 10, 29, 51, 88, 80, 126, was a denomination assumed by a religious fraternity towards the end of the 15th century.

My 98, 3, 17, 91, 69, 41, 57, 114, 98, 111, 25, 8, 85, 54, 50, 66, was a sect of Christian Reformers which sprung up in Bohemia in the year 1467.

My 93, 5, 16, 47, 77, 108, 96, 98, 123, 39, 116, 31, 27, 121, 21, 119, is a modern religious sect, who deny the necessity of observing the Sabbath day.

My 81, 13, 24, 79, 127, 43, 93, 37, 94, was a denomination of the 2nd century.

My 87, 63, 24, 23, 9, 121, 82, 68, 6, 123, 52, 42, 20, 57, 36, 43, was a denomination of the 6th century.

My 98, 62, 14, 33, 123, 29, 109, 83, 30, was a sect that arose amongst the Puritans, towards the close of the 16th century.

My 49, 81, 69, 133, 93, 124, 50, 104, 55, 100, 101, 48, was an order founded by St. Romuald, an Italian Fanatic, in the 11th century.

My 49, 87, 112, 11, 40, 35, 96, 56, 48, was a religious order of St. Francis, always barefooted, and never shaved their heads.

My 99, 93, 31, 115, 64, 10, 51, 2, 69, 121, 120, 113, 48, was a religious order founded at Genoa in the year 1307.

My 81, 48, 42, 3, 118, 18, 50, 84, 83, 76, 78, 94, was a denomination which arose in the year 181.

My 123, 124, 89, 90, 48, 72, 69, 93, 15, 110, was a small village on the Mount of Olives.

My 126, 2, 133, 65, 93, 15, 86, 3, 102, 30, is a wild race of people in Africa.

My 19, 46, 67, 97, 78, 75, 18, 31, is an American Poet.

My 71, 128, 13, 7, 12, 18, should be possessed by every one.

My 34, 99, 117, 106, 105, 36, 40, is a motion, peculiar to the eyes.

My whole is an old proverb—and a solemn warning to every one. GEO. IRWIN.
Pittsburg, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters four—
Cut off my head, I'll bruise you sore.
Again curtail, and you will see,
That I am an auxiliary.
My whole is known as a shell fish,
Cook'd various ways, each a fine dish.
And I am sure you will not stay,
But guess my title straight away.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a preposition.

My second is a solid, transparent, and brittle substance.

My whole is found on every steamer, in every merchant's business place, and still is sought for by every politician.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANAGRAMS ON CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. B. WEST.

No bils.	Open change.
Ten cats in Polon.	My lop hut.
Rap a vall so.	Tortle lick.
Vain shell.	Grub no lint.
Editor, T.	Dim ear.

Bentleysville, Wash. Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose there is a tree 100 feet in height, 24 inches in diameter at but, and 4 inches in diameter at top, tapering uniformly the whole length. There is a vine that runs up this tree 2 inches in diameter at but, and running to a point, winding around this tree once in every 3 feet in length up this tree. Now supposing there is a bird that takes this vine in its bill and commences to unwind this vine from the top, keeping the vine straight all of the time, and also keeping in a horizontal direction until the vine is all unwound. Required the distance the bird must fly in order to unwind the vine?

MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 3-5 of a mill were ¾ of a dollar how many cents would there be in 62½ cents at the same rate? R. J. McBRIDE.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter T like a tyrant's edict against the rights of man? Ans.—Because it makes reason treason.

☞ What is that which every one wishes for, and yet tries to get rid of? Ans.—A good appetite.

☞ When does a worthless book resemble its purchaser? Ans.—When it is "taken in."

☞ When are all bets alike? Ans.—When they are all won (one.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise. ENIGMA—Home, Sweet Home! CHARADE—Madam, (mad, dam, dame, am.) RIDDLE—Bayard Taylor.